



No. 427.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS SPENCER BRUNTON,

THE HANDSOME COMÉDIENNE WHO LEFT "THE NOBLE LORD" COMPANY TO TOUR WITH MR. LEWIS WALLER IN "HENRY V."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Duke and Duchess of York at Malta—The Sights of the Town—Memories of Napoleon—Subalterns and Middies—Port Said.

THE Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have passed from the stormy West into the sunshine of the East, for Malta is a stepping-stone and Port Said is the gate of the Orient. Malta in winter is a very pleasant place; the Opera is the training-school of future primadonnas, and Madame Albani and other "stars" of the first magnitude gained their first laurels there; the Malta oranges always seem to be more juicy than any others; the quails, kept in dark cages at the Malta Club, always appear to be as plump as any quails could be without cracking their skins; and there are picnics and dances galore every week. But in summer Malta is an island to avoid. It has a fever of its own which is most persistent and most depressing. The troops live through the hot days in the casemates, and the officers drive in from outlying forts to Valetta, only to find that the baking streets are worse than the hot walls of the fortifications.

The Royal travellers saw Malta at its best, and were shown treasures that the ordinary tourist is not allowed to see. No city, except, perhaps, Rome, can show more interesting reliques and memorials than Malta can, although Napoleon pillaged the Church property unsparingly, and though, even under British rule, some of the finest of the armour has been removed from the Armoury. The hand of St. Paul, with the episcopal ring on it, was the great treasure of the Cathedral, and Napoleon showed such scant reverence for this that he put the ring on his own finger and sent the hand as a present to his ally, the Emperor of Russia, with a view, no doubt, to promote the *entente cordiale* which existed even in those days between the "allied nations." The Maltese lost twenty thousand men before they were able to force the French Army which had established itself in Valetta to surrender. The hatred for the invaders has lasted till the present time, and Buonaparte is still a bogey to frighten naughty Maltese children with. One story the Maltese are never tired of telling—how Napoleon had all the ropes cut off from the church-bells, in order that they might not be rung to bring the people together, and how any man appearing on a roof near a bell-tower was immediately shot by the French sentries. As the bells ring all day long in Malta, the stoppage of the chimes was intensely resented by the people. The Maltese women wear a curious thick veil, which forms a hood.

The British garrison and the inhabitants of Malta are now on the happiest of terms, and the Water Carnival of last week, with its dragons, snakes, bulldogs, and swans all breathing fire, will endear the Navy to the impressionable and excitable Maltese for a generation to come; but, as in most contented families, there are occasional tiffs between the members of it. The use of the Maltese language in the Law Courts gave rise, not long ago, to a very difficult situation, when a British officer refused to sign a document in a language he did not understand; and at one time the British ensign and the British midshipman held the police of Malta in slight esteem, and showed it. The nickname for a Maltese is a "Smouch," and the young bloods of the Services did not think it at all right that any "Smouch" should interfere with them when they were enjoying themselves after their own manner. There was a most estimable tradesman in Valetta who was said to spend all his nights at the police-station in bailing out young officers, and all his days in cashing their cheques. There was one disturbance which has become historical, and which was begun by a midshipman at the Opera deftly throwing a bouquet into the mouth of the biggest brass instrument in the orchestra. All these things, however, belong to the past. There are no more loyal subjects of His Majesty than the Maltese; the local aristocracy have established their right to a status at Court; their soldiers have acquitted themselves gallantly in Britain's cause; and Maltese and British fraternise as being children of one great Empire.

One show-place the Duke did not see at Malta, and that was the Main Guard, on the walls of which is a very admirable collection of pictures painted by officers during the weary hours on guard. Some of the drawings are really fine works of art.

Port Said has improved in morals and manners since the British occupied Egypt, and there was full room for such improvement. It seemed at one period of the history of the port as if the cream of the scum of Europe was to be found in the town built at the mouth of the great Canal, on the strip of sand between the Mediterranean and Lake Menasseh. The gambling-houses were the pivots round which the whirlpools of rascality revolved. No matter at what hour a mail-steamer arrived at Port Said, the passengers would find the bands playing in the cafés, and the ball spinning at the roulette-tables, at which sat seedy foreigners staking five-franc pieces lent them by the bank. A simple contrivance enabled the croupier to put the ball into red or black, as he chose, and the only way to win money at Port Said used to be to play in small sums and follow the colour that was not being heavily backed. When a British officer, who had won some money, was stabbed in the streets of the town on his way back to his ship, the Egyptian Government woke to the fact that the port was a plague-spot, and some attempt at reform was made; but it was not until the Union Jack flew side by side with the Crescent flag at the mouth of the Canal that Port Said was purged of its ruffianism. The violins still squeak all day long, but the unshaven croupiers in greasy dress-clothes and their cheating wheels have gone elsewhere.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

WAS ever so fine a race rowed on so vile a morning? Was there ever so vile a morning for such a race? And yet the memory of it is likely to dwell pleasantly in the minds of the chief actors, as well as in those of men who took less important parts. Genuine enthusiasm rises superior to bad weather; real and healthy excitement drives away thoughts of discomfort, and wet clothes are trifles not considered when such a gallant struggle as that of Saturday engages the attention. Nothing finer could be imagined than the efforts made by the Oxford and Cambridge crews to simply gain for their respective Universities the credit of winning the thirty-eighth Inter-University Boat-race. Those who prophesied an easy victory were totally wrong in their calculation, for, according to the official verdict of Mr. Fred. Fenner, Oxford's win was by two-fifths of a length only. Mr. Frank Willan started the race at 10.30 a.m. Cambridge, who had the advantage of the Surrey station, were the quicker in getting away, and were soon in the enjoyment of quite a third of a length's lead. Both crews continued to strike the water at the same rate, dropping from thirty-eight to thirty-four as they went on, but a faulty bit of steering by Cambridge caused their progress to be less satisfactory, and at Craven Steps they had lost their advantage. Oxford were nearly a length ahead at the mile-post; but this was nothing, as it proved, for Cambridge presently regained the lead, only to lose it and yet obtain it once more before Hammersmith Bridge was reached, in 7 min. 31 sec. At this stage, Cambridge were a quarter of a length to the good. In the rough water which was soon afterwards encountered there was further excitement, and before the end of Chiswick Eyot was reached the lead had twice changed hands. Then Cambridge, doing better under difficulties of wind and water, went ahead, and at one time were two and a-half lengths in front. Quite undismayed, the Oxonians, who were, as before, rowing well together, made a fine effort nearing Barnes Bridge, and they followed Cambridge under this structure (leader's time 19 min. 10 sec.) only a length and a-quarter behind. From this point the station favoured Oxford, so there was every reason to expect a very close finish, but few were prepared for what really happened. Cambridge did not keep quite a straight course, but the Oxford boat was steered perfectly, and gradually the latter crept up, until at the Mortlake Brewery the crews were level. Both were showing the effects of the punishing race, but Oxford stayed rather the better, and, despite a final spurt on the part of Cambridge, won, as above stated, in 22 min. 31 sec. This was Oxford's thirty-third win. Cambridge have won on twenty-four occasions, and in 1877 the result was a dead-heat. Oxford rowed in the short Brocas boat, while Cambridge used the boat constructed for them by George Sims, measuring sixty-three feet in length. Winners and losers met at dinner in the evening at the Café Royal, and were deservedly and heartily congratulated by the chairman, Sir R. V. Penrose Fitzgerald, M.P., upon the pluck and endurance they had shown.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

A RAY of sunshine at its opening; at its close an indication of snow or rain; in the interim grey, and throughout chilly. Such was the weather on the University Sports afternoon at the Queen's Club on Friday last. The idea I expressed last week was practically confirmed after six events had been decided. Oxford had then won four to two, and of the remainder two were regarded as safe, and so they proved. L. J. Cornish appeared three times for Oxford, and won twice—Quarter and Long Jump. E. E. May also won two events for Oxford—Hammer and Weight. It was lucky that G. R. Garnier was able to take his place in the Hurdles, for the second string of Oxford was only third. The unexpected defeat of J. Gilman, Cambridge, in the Half by J. R. Cleave probably caused the Light Blues to regret that they had not run the risk of letting H. W. Workman compete. That he could have won is not seriously doubted, and, apparently, it would not have jeopardised his chance in the Three Miles. Finishing in characteristic fashion, Workman won the latter event in time which has been but twice beaten at this meeting, namely, by that fine runner, F. S. Horan, who alone had previously won this race in less than fifteen minutes. In the High Jump the Oxford men were below form, while G. Howard-Smith, Cambridge, equalled his fine trial performance, and so won. A. E. Hind gained the "Hundred," and in the Mile all the three Cambridge men finished in front of their rivals, and ran exceedingly well. By six events to four, Oxford won for the seventeenth time.

ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND AT FOOTBALL.

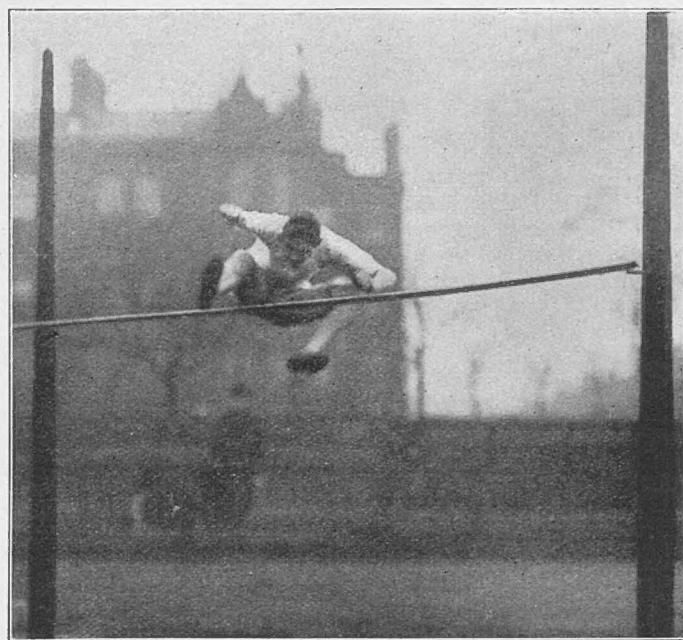
Last Saturday morning's execrable weather prejudiced the Association Football match between England and Scotland only to a certain extent. It had its effect upon the attendance; it spoiled the condition of the turf; but the spirit of sport was with the players, and the game was one of exceedingly close description. Perhaps, had the Crystal Palace ground been both dry and fast, the Scottish forwards would have appeared to greater advantage than the rival front division. At any rate, this was the idea one got from the way they disported themselves in the "swamp." As it happened, however, in that great essential, scoring, one side was the equal of the other, and the number of drawn matches was increased to nine. Scotland have won on fourteen occasions and England on nine.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

PRACTISING AT QUEEN'S CLUB, WEST KENSINGTON.



W. E. B. HENDERSON (TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE) WORKING HARD TO GET OVER.



G. HOWARD-SMITH (TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE) AT THE HIGH JUMP.



J. GILMAN (JESUS, CAMBRIDGE) RUNNING THE HALF-MILE.



G. R. GARNIER (ORIEL, OXFORD) GOING OVER THE HURDLES.



H. W. WORKMAN (PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE) DOING HIS THREE MILES.



L. J. CORNISH (LINCOLN, OXFORD) AT WORK ON THE QUARTER-MILE.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

"The Man in the Street" at the Boat Race—How to Choose a Position—Too Much Voting—Taking Your Census—The River Steamboat Service—Beer à la Margarine—Holiday Time.

EVERY "Man in the Street" who could possibly manage it was at the river-side on Saturday morning last to see the grand race. For my part, I went to Barnes, which is the best place when there is a chance of a close race. I am not going to say anything about this year's event, beyond expressing my hearty admiration of the form and pluck displayed by both crews, the splendid Light Blues and the victorious Oxford Eight stroked to success by Culme-Seymour; but I think that there is a great art in choosing the right place on the course from which to see the race. Last year, as there was to be a procession, I went to see the start, and saw Cambridge jump away from the first stroke, and go round the bend simply running away from Oxford. This year I had, as intimated, the advantage of witnessing the closing stages of the magnificent contest, which has won unstinted praise for both victors and vanquished.

The first race I ever saw was the one, if I may make a bull, of which I saw the least. I had rowed down in a pair-oared gig from Richmond, and hitched up by the stern of a barge near the winning-post. The consequence of being so low down on the water was that none of us saw anything till suddenly Oxford flashed by, and then we were nearly swamped by the wash made by the steamers. Moral: Never go to see the Boat Race in a small boat.

There are limits to one's voting capacities. Last week, I absolutely struck when some individuals whom I had never seen or even heard of sent round cards and asked me to vote for them as Guardians of the Poor. One lot called themselves "Old and Tried," but what their ages were or what they had tried to do I never took the trouble to inquire. For all I know or care, they or their rivals may be guarding the poor now. Only about one man in three of all the voters of London took the trouble to vote for the London County Council people, and I should imagine about one in ten for the Guardians of the Poor. I have voted a good many times since last autumn, and I do not suppose that if I voted till I was black in the face I should get one ha'porth of good from it. So I shall give myself a holiday from the ballot-box for a bit.

But they can't let us alone. This week's public practical joke was the Census, and, as the "head of a family," I had to fill up the paper. Happily, my family is so small that it can hardly be called a family, but I satisfied the curiosity of the officials, I hope, to the full. By the way, if all these Census-papers have been kept ever since they were first started, they will be an invaluable record of families, and far better than the registers of births, deaths, and marriages kept in the churches and elsewhere. They record ages, relationships, and all the rest of it, so that for the people who will, in years to come, write the social history of England, they will be a mine of information.

Nobody wishes more than I do that the river could be substituted for the street for locomotion in London; but the fact is, it is in the wrong place. Fancy a man who lived in Chelsea or Battersea trying to get to the City by steamboat! Why, it would take him half the day to get to his work, and no sooner had he got to his place of business than he would have to turn back if he wanted to get home before midnight. The "L.C.C." may debate and Parliament may legislate, but they will never drive us on to the river in any numbers, for the simple reason that most of our homes and offices are too far from the river, and, however quickly a boat may go, it cannot compete with a 'bus, much less with a train. Why, even the Embankments are deserted. For my part, I often go on the river in the steamboats in summer, but it is when I have plenty of time to spare and want a breath of fresh air. One has only to look at the map to see why the Thames is not one of the great highways of London, and why it never will be.

The suggestion that beer should be labelled, like margarine, and that, if a man wants pure beer, made of nothing but malt and hops, he should be able to get it, strikes me as being a very good one. There are some, perhaps, who like "half-a-pint of arsenic, please, miss," and find it a gentle stimulant; but, on the other hand, there are a good many of us who do not, and who would be grateful for a drink of pure beer. It is doubtful, however, if we should know what we were drinking if we got it, for I don't suppose that any of us now living have ever tasted absolutely pure beer. In Parliament, beer seems a subject on which all the funny men like to crack their jokes. Judging from the portraits of these wits, I should say that they had long ago been ordered by their doctors to leave off drinking beer, and, indeed, no man still young and healthy enough to drink beer would ever think of joking about it. But, whatever pure beer may turn out to be, I hope it will not be so poor as Sir William Harcourt's Gamp-like jokes about it.

By this time next week we shall be coming back from our Easter holidays. I am glad to see that most of the great firms, led by Oetzmann, are going to shut for nearly a week. Nobody buys anything but absolute necessities at Easter-time, and so all those shops which sell hats and ribbons and other fripperies can well afford to close. For a good many workers Easter is really the great holiday of the year.

EASTER TRAVELLING: A FEW HINTS.

PARIS, SWITZERLAND, NORMANDY, AND BRITTANY AT EASTER.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail Route, *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service on Thursday morning, April 4, and by the express night service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, April 3, 4, 5, and 6. Cheap return tickets to Caen, for Normandy and Brittany, will also be issued from London, Wednesday and Saturday, April 3 and 6, and to Dieppe on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 4 to 8.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

announce that, for Folkestone Steeplechases, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 3 and 4, a special train will leave Charing Cross at 11.35 a.m. (Club train), first class only, and return day fare 8s, not including admission to the course. A third-class special will also be run, leaving Charing Cross at 10.30, calling at Waterloo, London Bridge, and New Cross; return day fare 5s, including admission to the course. Special trains will also be run from certain country stations.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN

announce that cheap tickets, third-class by train and second-class by steamer, will be issued from Waterloo, &c., to Guernsey and Jersey on April 4; and Cherbourg on April 4 and 6, fare 22s. To St. Malo on April 6, and Havre on April 4, 5, and 6; fare 24s. 6d.; available to return on certain days. On Thursday, April 4, special extra fast trains will leave Waterloo as follows: At 12.25 p.m. for Southampton West and Bournemouth; at 1.50 and 2.5 p.m. for Bournemouth; at 4.5 p.m. Bournemouth express direct; at 4.40 p.m. for Southampton West and Bournemouth; at 4.50 p.m. for Southampton West, Christchurch, and Bournemouth; at 5.40 p.m. for Salisbury, Yeovil, Exeter, and Plymouth Lines; at 6.55 p.m. for Bournemouth Central.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Easter. The booking-office at Paddington Station will be open the whole day on the Wednesday and Thursday before Easter. On Wednesday, April 3, excursions will be run to Waterford, Limerick, Killarney, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway, &c., for a fortnight or less. On Thursday, April 4, excursions will run to Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Plymouth, Weymouth, Oxford, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Manchester, Liverpool, Swindon, Newport, Cardiff, &c.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY

announce excursions on Tuesday, April 2, to Londonderry, *via* Morecambe, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days, as per Sailing Bill. On Wednesday, April 3, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., *via* Morecambe and *via* Liverpool, returning any week-day within sixteen days. On Wednesday, April 3, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, &c., *via* Barrow and *via* Liverpool, available for returning any week-day within sixteen days. On Thursday, April 4, cheap excursion trains will be run from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Lake District, &c., returning the following Monday or Tuesday; and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, &c., returning Monday, April 8, or Friday, April 12.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that the ticket-offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, April 1, to Easter Monday, April 8, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the London and North-Western Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at the town receiving-offices.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run on Thursday night, April 4, for five or nine days, from London (Woolwich Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (South-Eastern and Chatham), Victoria (South-Eastern and Chatham), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (Great Northern), &c., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

announce the following excursions. On Wednesday, April 3, for sixteen days, to Ireland. Thursday, April 4, to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern Districts, including Brackley, Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Worksop, Retford, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Hull, &c. Good Friday, for half-day and one, four, or five days, and Easter Monday, for half-day and one, two, or four days, to Fimmere, Brackley, Rugby, &c.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter Holidays, the

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S

Hook of Holland Royal British Mail route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages run to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bâle and Berlin in the evening.

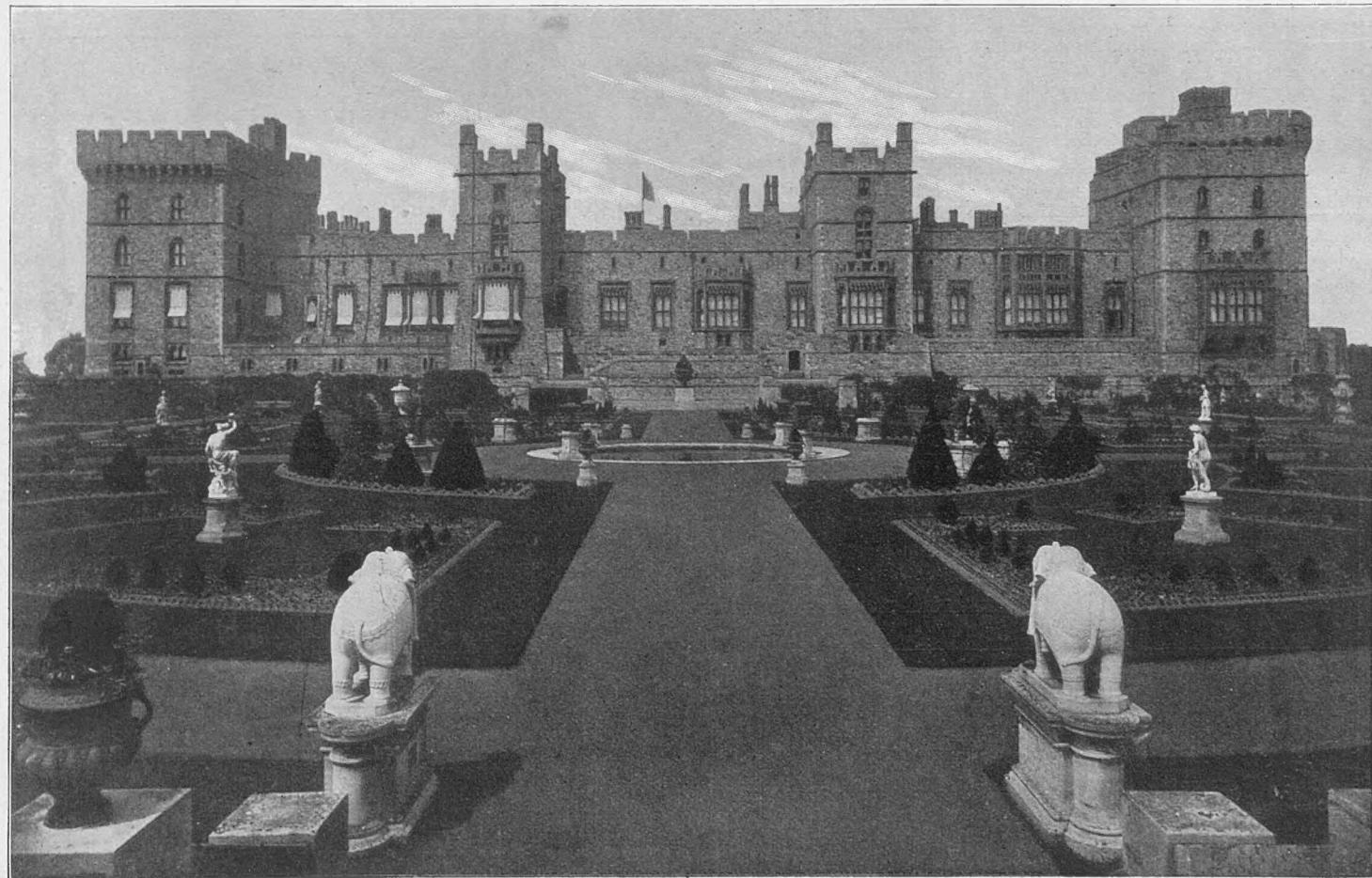


THE KING'S ESCORT AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH, OF DERSINGHAM.

Victoria Tower:
Apartments of the late Queen.

The White
Drawing-Room.

Crimson Drawing-Room, from which the Crystal Palace.
Flag over the Green Drawing-Room. 25 miles distant, can be seen.



Marble Elephants brought from Lucknow Gateway.
WINDSOR CASTLE: THE EAST TERRACE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. N. KING, LONDON.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — M.R. TRE E.
EASTER MONDAY and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, TWELFTH NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY, April 10, and every following WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.
CLOSED DURING HOLY WEEK.
RE-OPEN on EASTER MONDAY EVENING, for the Last Six Nights of PERIL.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

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PLACE, S.W.—GRAND SPRING EXHIBITION, comprising Works by the best British
and Continental Artists. Admission ONE SHILLING (including Catalogue).

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS! DRINK HABIT Permanently Eradicated
at Home in Three Weeks by the now recognised "TACQUARU" Specific Treatment.
Success Guaranteed. See Testimonials from London Diocesan Mission, CHURCH OF ENGLAND
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and result of great PUBLIC TEST. Write in confidence (or call)
The Medical Superintendent, THE "TACQUARU" COMPANY, 2, Amberley House, Norfolk
Street, Strand, W.C.

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Reproductions of Notable Works of Modern English Art from this Collection. The Series
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Woodville, Dendy Sadler, Henry Holiday, &c. The Autotypes measure about 23 inches
longest line, and are published at 2s. each.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION, HERTFORD HOUSE. Autotype
Copies of about forty of the most interesting Pictures in these Galleries. The Masters
represented include Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Boucher, Lancret, Fragonard,
Greuze, Watteau, Meissonier, Decamps, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Wouverman, Hobbema,
Vander Heyden, &c.

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GALLERY). An extensive Series of Reproductions of Notable Pictures in this Popular
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DAILY EXPRESS and MAIL SERVICES by the SHORTEST SEA and BEST ROUTES,
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Sea Passage, Dover—Calais, 65 to 75 minutes; Folkestone—Boulogne, 80 to 100 minutes.
QUEENBOROUGH AND FLUSHING
(Mail Route) to HOLLAND, GERMANY, &c.
IMPROVED SERVICES via BOXTEL and WESEL, HAMBURG in 21 Hours.
ACCELERATION OF DAY MAIL SERVICE FROM LONDON.
The Mail Trains leave HOLBORN daily (Sundays included) at 9.25 a.m. and 8.45 p.m. and
VICTORIA at 8.25 p.m., in connection with the magnificent steamers of the Zealand Steamship
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For full particulars and fares, apply at the Continental Enquiry Offices, Charing Cross
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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS will be run on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from
the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE
WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON,
RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.
CHEAP TICKETS available for certain specified periods will be issued to BOULOGNE,
BRUSSELS, CALAIS, HOLLAND, OSTEND, and PARIS during the Holidays.
CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Fare from London,
including Admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.
For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets,
Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

FOLKESTONE STEEPELCHASES
On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, APRIL 3 and 4.

SPECIAL TRAINS.
CHARING CROSS DEPART 11.35 a.m. (CLUB TRAIN), FIRST CLASS ONLY and
RETURN DAY FARE, 8s.

LEAVING	LEAVING
Charing Cross	10.30
Waterloo	10.32
London Bridge	10.38
New Cross	10.47
East Croydon	10.39
Hed Hill	11.7
Edenbridge	11.25
Tonbridge	11.41
Chatham Central	10.42
Strood (S.E.)	10.56
Maidstone Barracks	11.18
Maidstone West	11.21
Ashford	12.10
Hastings	11.5
	Tunbridge Wells (Changing at Tonbridge)
	Margate Sands
	Ramsgate Town
	Canterbury West
	Canterbury South
	Dover Town
	Folkestone Junction
	Folkestone Central
	Shorncliffe
	11.10
	11.8
	11.17
	11.45
	11.53
	12.20
	12.50
	12.40
	12.43
	1.2
	2.25
	1.6
	2.28

* Third Class only and Return Day Fare, 5s.

The Third Class Fares (except from the Folkestone Stations and Shorncliffe) include admission
to the Course. The First Class Fares do not include admission.

For Return Day Fares from the above and certain other Country Stations, see Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

THE WATER-COLOUR ART.

A VERY delicate sense of colour, combined with much daintiness
of treatment and sensitiveness to natural effects, is displayed by
Mr. W. Eyre Walker in the collection of landscapes that he
exhibits at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. His
work, however, is not remarkable for breadth, except in one or two
instances, such as "Meiford Valley," which, moreover, is noteworthy
for its admirable colour. A somewhat more ambitious work is entitled
"In the Silence of a Summer's Day," and here the luxurious charm of
a sunny landscape, with meadow-land, running water, and spreading
foliage, is well caught, though the hot tone of the cow in shadow
under the trees is unfortunate, and, indeed, impossible. "A Breezy Day
on the White Water" is a pleasant harmony marked by transparent
colour. "Reed Gathering" is a delicate work, and there is sympathetic
feeling in the rendering of "Misty December." "In a Welsh Wood" also
deserves praise for its cleverly treated foreground and its pleasant
composition of children, cattle, and trees.

THE SNOWFALL GRAND NATIONAL.

The race for the Grand National was an exciting affair (writes "Captain Coe"), but, owing to the terrible weather, accidents were
numerous, and the result did not quite synchronise with the public
estimate. Grudon won easily, and I was delighted to see my old friend
Arthur Nightingall ride such a good race on the winner. I referred
to the chance possessed by Grudon in these columns months ago.
Drumeree, who finished second, was ably handled by Mr. H. Nugent,
one of our very best amateur riders. The race was witnessed by a
record crowd in the worst weather ever seen at Aintree.

LONDON, BRIGITON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS APRIL
4, 5, 6, and 7, to and from LONDON and the SEASIDE, available for return on any day
(except day of issue) up to and including Easter Tuesday.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

BRIGHTON IN SIXTY MINUTES BY PULLMAN LIMITED. From Victoria 11 a.m.
GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY, 12s.

First Class and Pullman Train at 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY
SUNDAY, from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon. Day Return Tickets,
Pullman Car, 12s.; First Class, 10s.

WORLING—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY, 1st Class Day Tickets from
Victoria 11 a.m. Fare 10s., or including Pullman Car to Brighton, 12s.

EASTBOURNE—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY from Victoria 9.25 a.m.,
1st Class 10s.; also Pullman Car Train from Victoria 11.15 a.m., 12s.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY,
EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton,
Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and
Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.
For particulars see Bills, or address Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SOUTH COAST, WEST OF ENGLAND, AND FRENCH COAST.
CHEAP TICKETS will be issued by any ordinary train to HAVRE on April 4, 5, and 6,
CHERBOURG on APRIL 4 and 6, and to ST. MALO on April 6.

RETURN FARE, Third Class by Rail and Second Class by Steamer, London to St. Malo and
Havre, 24s. 6d.; Cherbourg, 22s.

SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 4—

EXCURSIONS will leave WATERLOO as under, calling at the principal stations, returning on
certain days.

At 8.20 a.m. for BRIDGWATER, GLASTONBURY, WELLS, RADSTOCK, BATH, and
BLANDFORD.

At 8.20 a.m. and 10.25 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, LYNTON, BIDEFORD,
and TORTINGTON.

At 8.20 a.m. and 10.30 p.m. for EXETER, EXMOUTH, OKEHAMPTON, HOLSWORTHY,
BUDE, LAUNCESTON, SEATON, BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, SIDMOUTH, &c.

At 8.35 a.m. for ANDOVER, MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CIRENCESTER, CHELTENHAM,
GLOUCESTER, TEWKESBURY, SALISBURY, TEMPLECOMBE, YEOVIL, AXMINSTER, SEATON,
BUDE, LAUNCESTON, WADEBRIDGE, PADSTOW, BODMIN, TAVISTOCK, DEVONPORT,
PLYMOUTH, &c.

At 10.25 and 11.45 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST, LYMINGTON,
YARMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, POOLE, SWANAGE, DORCHESTER, and WEYMOUTH.

At 11.45 a.m. for CHRISTCHURCH, BOScombe, WIMBORNE, PORTLAND, &c.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS will leave WATERLOO as follows—

At 12.25 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 1.50 p.m. and 2.5 p.m. EXPRESS for BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.5 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH express direct.

At 4.40 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 4.50 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST CHRISTCHURCH, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 5.40 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and PLYMOUTH LINES; also to
Stations on the SEATON SIDMOUTH, and BUDLEIGH SALTERTON BRANCHES.

At 6.55 p.m. for BOURNEMOUTH (CENTRAL).

At 9.50 p.m. for CHRISTCHURCH, BOScombe, BOURNEMOUTH (CENTRAL), and
WEYMOUTH.

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

DAY EXCURSIONS from WATERLOO as under—

At 7 a.m. for BASINGSTOKE, WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON, COWES, &c.

At 7.15 a.m. for PORTSMOUTH, GOSPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, ROMSEY, SALISBURY,
and WILTON.

At 7.55 and 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST (for the New Forest),
and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 8.35 a.m. for PETERSFIELD, MIDHURST, and PORTSMOUTH.

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 6,

EXCURSIONS will leave WATERLOO as under, calling at principal Stations, returning on
Tuesday, April 9.

At 8.35 a.m. for WINCHESTER, EASTLEIGH, SOUTHAMPTON, NETLEY, GOSPORT,
ROMSEY, SALISBURY, YARMOUTH, &c.; also to MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CIRENCESTER,
CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTER, TEWKESBURY, &c., for 3, 6, or 8 days.

At 11.5 a.m. for PETERSFIELD, EAST SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH, RYDE, SHANKLIN,
SANDOWN, VENTNOR, NEWPORT, COWES, &c.

For full particulars of above Excursions and arrangements for Easter Sunday and Easter
Monday, see Bills and Programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or
London Receiving Houses, or from Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Memorial of Queen Victoria.

Mansion House was obviously the most fitting place in which to start the national subscription for a worthy Memorial in London of Queen Victoria. Though the prevailing epidemic of colds



THE LATE MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE, AUTHORESS OF
"THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

unfortunately kept the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman from the Mansion House meeting, His Majesty's characteristically good-hearted message, conveying his wish to contribute a thousand guineas to "a lasting and worthy Memorial of the great Queen, his beloved mother," and the cordially approving speeches of the Lord Mayor (who is proving himself the most zealous and indefatigable of Chief Magistrates), Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Duke of Norfolk gave an impulse to the movement which will probably be felt in the remotest corner of the Empire. Headed with 1000 guineas from the King, 5000 guineas from the Corporation of the City of London, £2000 from the princely house of Rothschild, and £1000 each from Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., and Sir Thomas Lipton, the fund reached noble proportions on the very first day. All classes are, I rejoice to note, contributing according to their means to the Mansion House fund; and there can be no doubt that an adequate sum for a handsome Memorial of our lamented Queen will be subscribed by the public. It is to be earnestly hoped that the result will be, to use the Duke of Norfolk's apt words, some beautiful monument "from which Englishmen and Englishwomen in future ages will be able to learn something of the example which was set by the late Queen." I have in my mind's eye a grand yet simple Victorian Memorial. It was suggested by the most pregnant sentence in Mr. Balfour's admirable address: "The Memorial which is to be erected in front of Buckingham Palace is to include something more than a mere monument to the Queen, namely, some great architectural and scenic change in that

part of London which will make the Memorial worthy of her whom we wish to commemorate."

A Noble Novelist. One of the most distinguished novelists of the Victorian era, Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge was also a notable philanthropist. As Sir Walter Besant's romance of East-End life, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," led to the foundation of the People's Palace in the Mile End Road—a superb institution for education and recreation combined—so Miss Charlotte M. Yonge (who might well have been entitled Lady Yonge for her benevolence) was instrumental in furthering the self-sacrificing missionary work of Bishop Selwyn in New Zealand. Daughter of the late Mr. William Crawley Yonge, of the 5th Regiment, Miss Yonge was born in the village of Otterbourne, near Winchester, and sprang into fame early in life with her popular novel, "The Heir of Redclyffe," the first round sum derived from the sale of which was devoted by her to the fitting out of the *Southern Cross* Missionary steamer for Bishop Selwyn, who was additionally assisted by a gift of £2000 by the same lady after the successful publication of her novel, "The Daisy Chain." Her "Cameos from English History" and other historical works, and a host of romances in succession to "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "The Daisy Chain," testify to her great industry. Miss Yonge, who was deservedly honoured in her lifetime by the foundation of a University Scholarship bearing her name at Winchester High School, passed quietly away on Sunday, March 24, in her peaceful abode photographed on this page.

The King at Cannes?

Although, perhaps, the wish is simply father to the thought, it is rumoured on the Riviera that King Edward will in the near future pay a brief visit to Cannes. This most delightful and exclusive of Mediterranean resorts has always been rather exceptionally dear to the British Royal Family, if only because it was there that the late Duke of Albany's last days were spent. Quite a number of Royal personages have made Cannes their home during the last few years. Although lacking the rather reckless gaiety of Monte Carlo, Cannes thoroughly understands the art of amusing her visitors.

Queen Alexandra. Our Queen Alexandra will probably be on the Continent longer than was anticipated at first. There is no special function to keep Her Majesty in England, and there is no doubt that the King of Denmark is in far from robust health. His Majesty has, I understand, expressed a wish that his daughter should make a long stay with him, and even accompany him on his projected visit to his sister, the Duchess of Anhalt-Bernburg, at Castle Ballenstadt. Consequently, it may be expected that the Queen will not return to England before the end of May or beginning of June, unless some unforeseen circumstance should occur.

Next Year in London.

It will rejoice the tradesmen of the West-End to know that next year there are to be Court festivities on a great and grand scale, all being well. The King and Queen are quite alive to the fact that the mourning for Her late beloved Majesty has been a source of great pecuniary loss to many classes, and they have resolved to encourage as far as possible such rejoicings as shall be in accordance with the Coronation.



THE WHITE HOUSE, OTTERBOURNE, NEAR WINCHESTER, WHERE MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE LIVED AND DIED.

Princess Maud at Mentone. Quiet little Mentone feels itself much honoured by the presence of one of King Edward's daughters. Princess Maud and Prince Charles of Denmark arrived there last week (March 28), and are living, as on the occasion of their last visit, in the strictest incognito. Many of the loveliest walks and drives on the French Riviera are to be found within a short distance



LADY MABEL ANNESLEY.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

of Mentone, and outdoor excursions and picnics are the most lively forms of amusement offered the foreign visitor. On the other hand, Monte Carlo is within two stations and within easy driving distance.

The "Ophir" at Malta. Malta, though technically and actually as much part of the Empire as the Isle of Wight, is one of the heralds of the mysterious East. So picturesque

Melita must have appeared to the Royal travellers last week, for the enthusiastic Maltese spared no pains to show their beloved island at its best, and the scene from Valetta is said by those who witnessed it to have been a most magnificent and gorgeous spectacle. The sight of the Royal yacht slowly steaming through the great harbour, surrounded by a miniature fleet of destroyers, must have recalled to those versed in history a less peaceful scene—that which took place when the Knights of Malta, led by their Grand Master, the redoubtable La Valette, fought the Turks from their stronghold on St. Elmo, the Turks holding St. Angela. The *Ophir* was moored almost exactly opposite the spot where the memorable conflict occurred.

Former Royal Visits to Malta. Malta is quite used to Royal visitors. The Duke of Cornwall and York alluded in a feeling manner, during one of his speeches, to the many happy days he had himself spent in the island when serving under his uncle, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The latter Sailor Prince and his Duchess lived in Malta some time, and it was there that their second daughter was born, receiving as her second name that of Melita. This Princess, now Grand Duchess of Hesse, has always kept to a certain extent in touch with the place of her birth, and takes an interest in its charitable institutions. King Edward has several times visited Malta, and so has his gracious Consort. During the stay there

of the then Duchess of Edinburgh, some Russian Imperial personages were cordially entertained in the island. The photograph I have the pleasure of reproducing, representing the Duke and Duchess at Gibraltar, is the forerunner, I trust, of many other interesting snapshots of the Royal voyagers. Port Said and Suez are also depicted in this Issue of *The Sketch*.

London and the Royal Family.

The news that so many members of the Royal Family now intend to spend some months of each year in London is a good hearing for many hard-working people. With Princess Christian in Pall Mall, Princess Henry of Battenberg at Kensington, the Duke of Connaught at Clarence House, and, it is whispered, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at York House, there should be a great revival in trade. Royal personages undoubtedly add to the gaiety of a city, and even, it may be said, to the gaiety of nations! In this matter, London has had some reason to complain, though in Marlborough House and its Royal master and mistress the capital had an unrivalled social and philanthropic centre. Probably most Londoners would be surprised to learn how many Royal personages dwell in their midst. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the young Duke and Duchess of Teck, and last, not least, the Sovereign's oldest daughter and her husband, are all devoted to their London homes; while one of the finest of town mansions is owned by the Duke of Cambridge, who celebrated last week his eighty-second birthday.

A Fair Daughter of Erin.

Lady Mabel Annesley, the pretty young step-daughter of the Countess of Annesley, is one of the charming group of Irish maidens which includes the daughters of the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Constance Butler, Lady Helen Stewart, and several of the younger members of the Viceregal Court. Lady Mabel shares her step-mother's love of outdoor sports, and is, like Lord and Lady Annesley, devoted to fishing.

Lovely Daughter, Lovelier Mother?

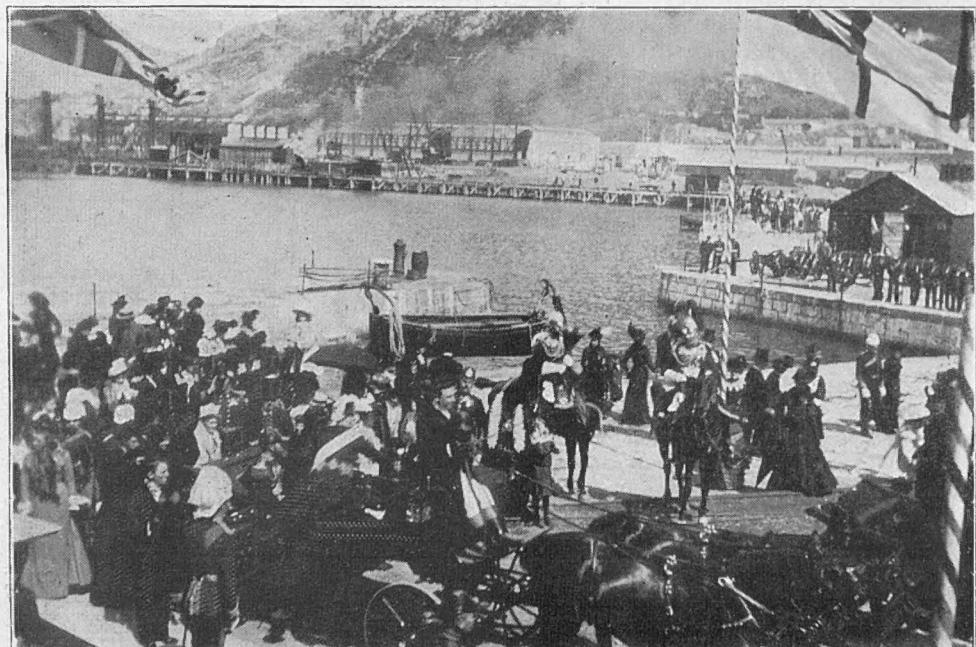
Many people consider Mrs. Cornwallis-West still the loveliest of the charming trio composed of herself and her two daughters, Princess Henry of Pless and the young Duchess of Westminster. The mistress of Ruthin Castle, *née* Miss Fitzpatrick, has a full measure of Irish wit and brilliancy as well as true Irish beauty, and to these gifts she joins the possession of an exquisite voice.

Réjane's Mules.

When the King of Portugal visited Paris, he saw and admired Madame Réjane in "Madame Sans-Gêne," and the idea of presenting her with a pair of mules from the Royal stables struck him as being appropriate. Réjane was delighted, although it took a considerable time to train them. During the snow-storms in Paris last week, they struck work, and Réjane, who was due at the Vaudeville, found them formulating their protest against the weather by kicking her brougham to pieces. She has since fallen back on the more prosaic horse.

"Olivette."

That once popular Strand comic opera, "Olivette," has been dug out and sent on tour with a powerful company under the direction of Mr. Wilfred Esmond, who was himself so long associated as a singer with such companies. The merry and melodious "Olivette" will, at Easter, be presented by this new company at the Métropole, Camberwell. The manager of this popular suburban theatre, Mr. J. B. Mulholland, tells me that he is still resolved to build at the West-End his new playhouse, to be called "The King's Theatre," even although someone out Walthamstow way has recently changed the name of the local "Victoria Theatre" to the "King's."



VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK TO GIBRALTAR.

Their Royal Highnesses about to drive off from the Dockyard. Lord Wenlock is just getting into the Royal carriage.

A Vice-Reine Home Again.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston will find many changes to meet her; the greatest of all, the disappearance of our late beloved Sovereign, is sure to strike her in a very special manner, for Queen Victoria always kept in close touch with India's Vice-Reine, and, from the days of Lady Canning onwards, Her late Majesty expected the wife of each successive Viceroy to keep her frequently informed concerning the well-being of her feminine native subjects. Lady Curzon, though an American by birth, has made an admirable Vice-Reine, and carries on the many good works which owed their being to Lady Dufferin.

The Earl-Marshal and the "S.S.F.A." Arundel will be *en fête* during Easter week, for on the 10th of April a splendid entertainment will take place at the Castle, by the kind permission of the Duke of Norfolk. The proceeds of this unique entertainment—for never in the memory of man or woman was Arundel Castle so thrown open, even in the sacred cause of charity—will be devoted to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, in which the Earl-Marshal and his family take the very keenest interest. Arundel Castle is one of the glories not only of Sussex, but of the United Kingdom. From the days of Alfred the Great, whose favourite home it seems to have been, the Southern stronghold has been justly famed, and perhaps greater interest attaches to it owing to the fact that, though the Duke is most kind in allowing tourists to visit what may be called the mediæval portion of the building, no part of the Castle which is ever lived in has hitherto been thrown open to the public. Many of the rooms are named after the greater officials connected with the College of Arms, the State bedrooms, for instance, being severally known as Rouge Croix, Blaumantle, Rouge Dragon, and Portcullis! The private theatricals which will be a leading feature of the programme will take place in the great hall of the Castle.

Thanks to the Duchess of Sutherland and a group of other philanthropic great ladies, the London Season of 1901 will not be utterly lacking in brightness. On April 26, an evening fete will be held in the lovely garden of Stafford House, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Lifeboat Saturday Fund, in which Lady Londonderry and Lady George Hamilton have long been so practically interested. The Duchess has most kindly placed the private suite of drawing-rooms that open on to the garden, as well as the splendid State apartments, at the Committee's disposal, and it is thought that nothing so elaborate in the way of an outdoor entertainment has ever taken place in London. Her Grace's sister, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, is acting as Hon. Secretary, and, if only the Clerk of the Weather prove kind, the affair promises to be the most successful effort to raise money for a good cause ever undertaken. The annual monster bazaar seems to have become a fixture, but, so far, nothing of the kind seems in prospect.

Touring by Motor-Car. Mr. W. P. Warren Smith has returned to town from his trip in a voiturette from John o' Groat's to Land's End. In *The Sketch* of March 20 I gave a snapshot of him and his automobile on the road (the photograph was by Mr. Alex. MacNab, of Glasgow), and since its publication I

have learnt that these horseless vehicles are used by other members of the theatrical profession, who find them serviceable for touring purposes.

Unique Honour for a Royal Academician.

Mr. Edwin Austin Abbey, R.A., who has had the distinguished honour of being asked to execute the picture of the Coronation to be painted by Royal command, is an American by birth and entered his fiftieth year on Monday. He was educated at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and in 1871 entered the service of Messrs. Harper Brothers, the eminent American publishers, whom he represented for some years in this country. His first oil-picture exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition, in 1890, was entitled "A May Day Morning"; in 1894 he exhibited "Fiammetta's Song," and was that year elected an Academician. Mr. Abbey is an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, a Member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, Paris, and a Chevalier Legion d'Honneur.

Among his numerous publications are included an illustrated edition of Herrick's Poems, "She Stoops to Conquer," "Who is Sylvia?" and "The Trial of Queen Katharine." Mr. Abbey, who has a particular liking for English country life, and occupies a fine old mansion in Gloucestershire, is an enthusiastic cyclist and cricketer.

A good deal of general surprise has been occasioned by the tidings that Craig-y-Nos Castle is to be brought into the market, and no little regret has been manifested at the prospect among Madame Patti's Welsh neighbours. Craig-y-Nos Castle, a reddish-grey old château, bears in itself and its surroundings some degree of resemblance to Balmoral Castle. The area of the estate extends to considerably over four hundred acres, and nearly one hundred acres belong to the Castle grounds, with the plantations, winter-gardens, conservatory, viney, music-salon, and theatre. Baron Rolf Cederström, Madame Patti's husband, is a keen sportsman, and the fishing and shooting around Craig-y-Nos furnish excellent sport to the Baron and his numerous guests. The interesting couple intend to purchase another property nearer London than their present home in Wales, which is distant one

and a-half miles from the little railway-station of Penwyllt, seven hours' journey from Paddington, and a portion of each year will in future be spent with Baron Cederström's relations in Sweden.

Lord Brassey, K.C.B. Lord Brassey, K.C.B., made an ideal Chairman at Mr. Frank T. Bullen's lecture on "Romance and Reality at Sea" in the Metropolitan Tabernacle last Tuesday evening. Both lecturer and chairman have, among other things in common, an intense love of the sea, and both are familiar with the manifold moods of and the varied life on the ocean. Lord Brassey, who entered his sixty-sixth year the other week, is a man of many distinctions. He is the only Colonial Governor who has sailed to his Colony in his own yacht—the famous *Sunbeam*—he is the only Colonial Governor who has preached a sermon during his Governorship, and he is certainly the only Governor who has been reported by a policeman for breaking the laws he was sent out to administrate. His Lordship was caught cycling, it will be remembered, on the footpath at Melbourne, and was "let off with a caution."



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, VICE-REINE OF INDIA.

Photo by Jenkins, Paris.

An Eminent Foreign Journalist in London.

in the Crimea. Educated at the Guards' Military School at St. Petersburg, he became sub-lieutenant at sixteen. He left the Russian Army, and

The President of the Association of Foreign Journalists in London is M. G. de Wessilitsky, son of a Russian General, the well-known Commander of the Vanguard of the great Russian Army and studied at the Heidelberg University, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He entered the Diplomatic service, and became Secretary at the Diplomatic Chancery at St. Petersburg, and was intrusted with several special missions. During the Russo-Turkish War, 1877-8, he re-entered the Russian Army, was in several battles, and was decorated on the field. He began writing for the Press in 1867, became a professional journalist in 1878, and since 1883 has been Special Correspondent of the *Nova Vremya* in Vienna, then in Berlin, and, from 1892, in London. Since 1896 he has been the respected President of the Foreign Press Association in London, and in that capacity consented to grace the chair at the annual dinner, postponed till

M. G. DE WESSILITSKY, PRESIDENT OF THE FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION IN LONDON.

Photo by the Claudel Studio, Regent Street, W.

Saturday evening last, when the Lord Mayor and many British journalists of mark were honoured with invitations to this deservedly popular feast, which *The Sketch* heartily hopes will foster the best of understandings among Pressmen of all nationalities. Under the banner of Humanity there is room for all to work in harmony and concord.

Colonel Ross's Wonderful Recovery.

Force (medal). At the time of the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, Major Ross held a good Staff appointment in the Punjab, under Sir Power Palmer, but was appointed to the Mounted Infantry, and proceeded to the Seat of War, where his courage and fine riding found him wide scope. He has been twice married; his first wife was daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart; his second, the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Hill, of Clevedon Hall, Somerset.

It was at the Battle of Bothaville, where Le Gallais was killed, that Colonel Ross was so severely wounded. The following is from an officer who was present: "Major Hickie rode back to the farmhouse, and was greeted by a hail of bullets, five of which hit his horse and killed it. He was untouched, and entered the farm. A terrible sight met his eyes.

The gallant Le Gallais lay mortally wounded, and Ross, in another room, was stretched on the floor with his jaw and a portion of his throat shot away. Captain Williams lay dead, and a considerable number of men were wounded." Colonel Ross has arrived home, and, wonderful to relate, is making good progress towards recovery.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARTERIS ROSS.



M. G. DE WESSILITSKY, PRESIDENT OF THE FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION IN LONDON.

Photo by the Claudel Studio, Regent Street, W.

The King's Rates and Taxes.

The income-tax agents, the local rate-collectors, and other fiscal authorities have always endeavoured—such is the strange anomaly of our social condition—to collect the dues of the Sovereign from the Monarch himself or herself. During Queen Victoria's reign, many attempts were made, for instance, to assess the Royal farms at Windsor. On each and every occasion a compromise was effected, the amount of taxation paid being just under the demand—this to assert the Royal right of exemption. Similarly, all the King's horses, carriages, carts, and other vehicles do not pay turnpike toll in those few districts where the old custom exists. But the charioteers always pay something when their protest is made.

"La Grippe" and Lord Salisbury.

Quite a number of prominent politicians, headed by the Premier himself, are held in the grip of *la grippe*, as our lively neighbours style influenza. The "flue" spares neither Peer nor Commoner, and there was an almost absurd similarity in the letters of excuse recently written to the Lord Mayor by Lord Salisbury and by the Leader of the Opposition. Lord Rosebery has fled from all such dangers to his lovely villa at Posilipo. The Bay of Naples should be free from malign influences, let alone influenza.

"Order, Cecil!"

This is a cry often heard nowadays in the House of Commons. Ever since Lord Hugh Cecil proposed that members who resisted the order of the Speaker should be imprisoned, the Nationalists have had him in their eye. He dare not laugh without running the risk of a rebuke. He is treated as the type of "Thorough" policy. Thus it happens that "the son of the Prime Minister" is frequently mentioned in debate. Lord Hugh does not wince. He listens to gibes unmoved, and shows no feeling except by a cynical smile on his pale face.

The likeness of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to his father is well known. You have the same single eye-glass and the hairbrushed in the same manner, and the son touches his chin with the point of the forefinger just as the father does. Mr. Winston Churchill equally recalls his father by his mannerisms. He places his hand on his hip, as Lord Randolph did, while standing, and when seated he crosses his legs, like his father, wears his hat on the back of his head, and nurses his cheek with the palm of his hand, as if he were suffering from toothache.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, OF GAIETY FAME AND POPULARITY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

When Boswell was about to appear at the Parliamentary Bar, Wilkes gave him some advice. "Be as impudent as you can," said Wilkes, "as merry as you can, and say whatever comes uppermost." This advice is followed by several of the Nationalists in addressing the House. They say whatever comes uppermost, without fear of ridicule, and they are as impudent as they dare within hearing of the Speaker. Fortunately, they are sometimes merry. There is plenty of wit in the Irish Party, and the Flavins are humorists in spite of themselves.

Short Speeches.

Unionist members, bored almost to a Parliamentary death by obstructive harangues, are thinking of remedies. A group have been trying to push forward Major Rasch's proposal that speeches should be limited in length to twenty minutes. This might make many debates more varied and interesting, but it would not cure obstruction. At present, say, half-a-dozen members make speeches three-quarters of an hour in duration. But suppose, under a twenty minutes' rule, every member of the Irish Party were to speak even for the limited time, the last stage would be worse than the first.

The New Military Secretary to the War Office.

Colonel Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton, who made a humorous speech as the guest of the Authors' Club, the other day, has, it is no secret, made effective use of the pen as well as of the sword. It is not so well known, however, that he was a comrade of Hector Macdonald's on Majuba, and that, less fortunate than his friend, he was wounded on that fateful hill, and for some time after vacillated between choosing the literary calling or adhering to the military. Neither is it generally known that Colonel Hamilton's closest connection with literature is to be found in the spirited dedication to him of the first section of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Grass of Parnassus." Colonel Ian Hamilton has this week taken up the appointment of Military Secretary to the War Office.

The German Emperor.

His Majesty the German Emperor has, happily, completely recovered from the indisposition caused by the wound in his face (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The cut has quite healed over. His Majesty went out for the first time since the Bremen accident on the



PUNISHMENT OF CHINESE BY THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AT TIENTSIN.
THIEVES STANDING IN THE BLOCK BEFORE THE WALL OF THE YAMEN.
Sketched by M. Schönberg (Battle-Painter to the King of Roumania), Special Artist of
"The Illustrated London News" in China.

anniversary of the birthday of the late Emperor William the First. The Emperor and Empress drove to the Charlottenburg Mausoleum after lunch in a closed carriage, and laid on the tomb a magnificent wreath consisting of roses, hyacinths, cornflowers, and lilies-of-the-valley. After their departure the Mausoleum was opened to the public, who streamed in in great numbers. The German Empress, who paid a visit the other day to the Portrait Exhibition in Berlin, graciously allowed a new portrait of the Kaiser by Ferrari to be exhibited.



MISS ELFRIEDA CLEMENTS,
Who has played so many pretty Pages with the
Benson Co., and will be Arthur in "King John,"
at the Shakspere Festival at Stratford-on-Avon.
Photo by Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lady-in-Waiting. Lady Ponsonby is now paying a visit to Cronberg, as also is Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

The Crown Prince. The German Crown Prince will proceed on a visit to the Emperor of Austria on April 12. As is only natural, the visit in question is supposed to be connected with certain plans entertained by those in authority for the Crown Prince's ultimate

betrothal, uniting in bonds of relationship as well as friendship the Houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg. It is hardly necessary to state that nothing is "known" in authoritative circles of any such intentions. That does not negative, however, the possibility of a suitable matrimonial alliance being arranged for the Prince during the visit. His Royal Highness was much amused a few days ago by seeing himself in a cinematograph exhibition. The pictures represented him seated in a carriage by the side of the Emperor of Austria, saluting in answer to the welcome of the crowd. The Crown Prince is very kind-hearted. The other day, he observed a small boy in Potsdam crying in the street and searching in vain for a sixpenny-bit which he had lost; he stayed the little chap's tears very effectually by presenting him with a three-mark piece.

At Bonn.

During the residence of the German Crown Prince at Bonn, he will live in a villa in the Coblenz Street, which is now in the hands of the workmen, who are employed night and day in making the necessary preparations. The Crown Prince will make jurisprudence his chief study, but will also attend both public and private lectures on history, natural science, and French.

The Duke of Coburg.

As I mentioned before (adds my Berlin Correspondent), the Crown Prince has been expecting a visit from the Duke of Coburg lately. The Duke is now in Berlin, and is spending some little time here. Last Sunday I saw him driving with the Crown Prince in an open carriage down the



MISS HILDA HANBURY, WHO HAS PLAYED MRS. CLARENCE THROUGHOUT
THE VERY LONG RUN OF "A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

Photo by Sarony, New York.

Unter den Linden on their way to the Castle. He was dressed *en civil*, and was wearing a black bowler-hat, while his host was wearing his usual uniform. The Duke looked very well, and both boys were evidently thoroughly enjoying themselves, smiling and conversing in a most cheery manner. The Duke looked as much of an Eton boy as ever, and kept repeatedly taking off his hat to the crowds of spectators who always assemble near the Castle on Sunday mornings.

Another Martyred Missionary.

The London Missionary Society has received the sad news that the Rev. Joseph Stonehouse, of their Pekin Station, has been murdered by brigands, fourteen miles to the east of Tientsin. Mr. Stonehouse had been nineteen years in China, first at Shanghai, and then latterly at Pekin. With other of his brother missionaries he took part in the defence of the English quarters, and formed one of the Fortification Staff, composed of six missionaries, who were known as the "fighting parsons." Mrs. Stonehouse, who was married to her husband at the Shanghai Cathedral, is in England. The murdered missionary's home was formerly in Burnley, from whence he entered Rotherham College, and, later, was ordained at Upper Mill, Saddleworth, Yorkshire. His loss is deeply deplored by the directors of the London Missionary Society.

"My Brave Irish." A certain Roman Catholic priest has lately been carrying on a campaign in the columns of a Nationalist paper in favour of the Boers, and has not hesitated even to accuse the Dominican nuns at Newcastle, Natal, of running away from duty in the hour of peril. His procedure has at last brought an indignant protest from ten Roman Catholic priests engaged in mission work in Cape Colony. After remarking that they have hitherto remained silent, under much provocation, during the political campaign in favour of the Boers, they go on to say: "We love Ireland dearly; still, we cannot thank you for having opposed the truest interests of this our adopted land. Race equality and the fullest religious freedom are some of the substantial benefits of British rule in this country."

"There is another section of the Irish people which we can thank cordially . . . the genial Irish soldiers who came here to fight and die for duty's sake. We, who have had the privilege of giving them the consolation of religion, . . . can speak at first-hand of their faith, loyalty

and stern sense of duty. . . . Their deeds will live, and will be a more powerful appeal to the hearts of Englishmen in favour of Irish rights than all the tactics of amateur politicians." There is much more in the same strain, and, seeing that these ten devoted Irish priests have not hesitated to sign their names to their collective protest sent to the editor of the offending paper, it may be hoped that the stay-at-home traducer of his countrymen and countrywomen will hide his head in shame. Perhaps, however, this is too much to expect.

The "Lancashire Lads." Last week *The Sketch* gave some particulars of the departure of the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashires from Malta for South Africa. A fuller report of General Sir Francis Grenfell's Farewell Order has now come to hand. It is one which will undoubtedly be treasured by the gallant "Cauliflowers"—the only "Loyal" regiment in the Service, frequently erroneously rendered "Royal." Sir Francis congratulates the battalion on the fact that "every man" volunteered to serve his King and country in South Africa, and the veteran "Bobs" has found time to telegraph to the Commander-in-Chief at Malta: "I am much gratified to hear of the excellent report which you give me of the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, and of the high terms in which you speak of its efficiency. Will you convey to Colonel Bonhôte, officers, and men of the battalion my best congratulations as Honorary Colonel, and my earnest wishes for their welfare in South Africa." No wonder Tommy Atkins loves a Commander-in-Chief who takes such a warm personal interest in his welfare.

The "Minden Boys" Again. It is not a little curious that, while the slouch-hat and khaki uniform are just now much engaging the official mind, the present moment should have been chosen for granting the old 20th the distinction of wearing a primrose hackle in their busbies. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment did splendid work with Sir Redvers Buller's Army, and the exploits of the Militia Battalion were recently recounted in these columns. In consequence of these achievements, Earl Roberts has granted the regiment the right to share with the "Fighting Fifth" the distinction of being the only Fusilier corps to wear a hackle. The one-time "East Devons" have a long and splendid record, extending from Dettingen to the present campaign; but perhaps Minden is their most prized distinction. Indeed, their charging cry is the "Minden yell," and the regimental march

was formerly the "Minden." Wolfe himself commanded the regiment in 1758; and the old 20th have also some cherished mementoes of the "Great Corsican" in their possession, including a lock of his hair, a feather from his hat, and some volumes of Marlborough's Campaigns. In connection with Lord Rosebery's recent volume, it is interesting to note that it is said Sir Hudson Lowe tried to get Napoleon's name—inscribed on the title-page—erased. The regiment relieved the 66th in the duty of guarding Napoleon at St. Helena, and twelve of its Grenadiers carried the Emperor's body to its first resting-place at Longwood. The same battalion was brought to London on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Coronation, and was drawn up outside Westminster Abbey during the ceremony.

Lord Headfort as a Page. Apropos of the reproduction in *The Sketch* of March 20 of the photograph of the Marquis of Headfort in fancy-dress as a Page, MM. Chancellor and Son write: "We should have mentioned that the photograph was of his Lordship in Page's dress, as he held that position during Lord Londonderry's term as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

In Search of Sunshine.

"Caelebs in Search of a Wife" hardly experienced greater vicissitudes than Mr. Howard Paul has faced since he left London in search of sunshine. Writing from the Grand Hotel, Ajaccio, Corsica, on March 24, he says plaintively: "I have been here waiting for a boat to take me to Palermo; but, in consequence of the prolonged strike of the Marseilles dockers, the 'traffic of the Marine' in these parts is seriously confused, not to say complicated. So I shall depart for Genoa or Naples, and get a boat from one or other of those ports. It has rained here for nearly a week as persistently as it does in London—and I came abroad for sunshine! It was snowing in Algiers, and 'twas said that such a climatic outrage hadn't occurred for twenty-five years."

Bananas for the Million.

Mr. Chamberlain has expressed his warm interest in this new venture, the bringing of fresh fruit from Jamaica. In Jamaica and the tropics generally the banana may be comparatively neglected by those who can indulge in finer fruits. But it seems to have come to stay with us, and, however the imports increase, there seems no difficulty in getting rid of all that come. For this result we are greatly indebted to Mr. A. L. Jones, of Elder, Dempster, and Co., Liverpool, the chief promoter of the fortnightly service between Kingston and Bristol. The two fruit-steamer which have already arrived belonging to this line had their cargoes sold at once. In London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh the bananas found a ready sale. Below the passenger-decks of the *Port Morant* there are two insulated decks, subdivided into bins capable of holding from seven hundred to one thousand bunches of bananas. The *Port Royal*, which left Kingston on March 21, had, besides a general cargo, twenty thousand bunches of bananas. A banquet was given by the principal commercial men of Jamaica on board the *Port Royal* ere she left, in honour of this direct steamship line. Samples of other Jamaican fruit are in charge of Mr. Cobbold, the Commissioner, who is also to lecture on his arrival about Jamaica, its prospects and produce. I am indebted to Mr. Ivor Castle for the accompanying photograph of discharging bananas from the R.M.S. *Port Morant* at Bristol. She had on board eighteen thousand bunches of bananas, eight of which may well have made the mouth water.



DISCHARGING JAMAICA BANANAS FROM THE "PORT MORANT" AT BRISTOL.
Photo by Ivor Castle, Bristol.

The Barbarians. MM. Saint-Saëns and Victorien Sardou (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) have written a great lyric drama of special importance. It represents the Barbarians dropping down upon the Romans at Vaucluse. The scene is laid in the Roman Theatre of Orange, and it was intended to give the first representations next August at Orange, in the ruined theatre which is the scene of the drama, and which the French wish to make another Bayreuth. The idea was calculated to give a new sensation to jaded appetites and to be the last word in naturalism. Unfortunately, the necessary funds could not be raised to transport the Paris Grand Opera to Orange and keep it there the four days demanded. This piece is therefore reserved to open the Grand Opera in Paris on Oct. 1.

Russian Students in Paris. The hundred and fifty Russian women students domiciled at Paris are quite as energetic and self-sufficient as the

women students who at St. Petersburg have been taking such an active part in the riots. They form a little colony in the quarter of the Observatory, and they are mostly very poor. It is said that very few of them have an allowance of more than four pounds a-month; but, though they have very little to eat, they manage to pass through the University courses with honours. They choose science rather than literature or philosophy, the greater number following medicine. Nearly all of them are Socialists. The larger number are said to be Jews. It appears that in the Russian Universities, of the whole number of students only four per cent. of Jews are admitted. It is a method of trying out University candidates which could have been invented only in that lovely country of liberty and equal rights for all.

The Home of the Talleyrands. One of the most lovely châteaux in the world, and one of the last of the great domains in France—it has some nine thousand acres—is about to be sold. It is Valençay, belonging to the Talleyrand-Perigords. This historical seat has been in the family of Étampes for over three centuries. In its origin, it was ceded by Francis I. to his favourite, Anne, Duchess d'Étampes. The lordship of Valençay was erected into a marquisate in favour of her inheritors, and the present château was built in the sixteenth century. Inherited by a feminine branch, the Montmorencys, it was bought by Talleyrand in 1805, and a marriage between the Talleyrands and the Montmorencys renewed the descendancy. It was here that Napoleon quartered the Spanish Princes. They say that American money may possibly acquire this historical and splendid domain. Not certainly Jay Gould's money, which, as is known by the Law Court reports, has been dissipated for years ahead in drawing-room bric-à-brac. Two other young men of the French aristocracy have recently married fortunes in the United States.

Salon of Amateurs in Paris. This Exhibition which I mentioned last week brings together a greater number, perhaps, than were ever united before of talented French artists with noble names. The Countess of Flanders, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, the Duchess of Vendôme, the Duchess of Chartres, are all represented by canvases of flowers or landscapes. The Baroness de Lambert is a pastellist *hors ligne*. She is represented by a number of pieces which would honour any Exhibition. The Countess of Cossé-Brissac is a painter of delicious aquarelles, treated a little like miniatures, but of solid workmanship. The vigorous talent of the Countess de Martel ("Gyp") exercises itself with as much success in art as in literature. She exhibits a portrait. Even the very young ladies are experts; the daughter of the Count de Caraman-Chimay exhibits a good portrait. The Marquis de Vögé, member of the Institute and writer on social economy, exhibits several canvases. The English note is furnished by Lady Sassoon, with a portrait of a child in a landscape.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

Play the King! In more than one game of cards (says my Paris Correspondent) it is the rule of the veteran, when advising a novice, "When in doubt, play the King." This is exactly what the French are at the present moment doing with King Edward VII. They have come to the conclusion, and possibly with reason, that England, although uncivilised, is extremely useful. The accounts of the splendours of the Court that the King has decided to revive have impressed the French to an extent that can hardly be imagined. They even fall foul of the American Ambassador in London because he could not go about in full gala when the King received the Ambassadorial staff; and they are even urging that—as Félix Faure wished—a distinctive costume be accorded the President. But I have good reasons for stating that the attempt of Southern France hotel-keepers to popularise the Littoral by stating that the King has decided to buy a large estate is unfounded. The King never liked the Midi as did the late Queen, and he detested the recklessness of the French Press. His popularity was exploited by every theatre and hotel, and more than once he cut his holiday short.

The Queen on her Travels. It would be difficult to say how many times the

King and the Queen visited Paris during the Exhibition, and how unobtrusively. She never registered her name at the Embassy; but hour after hour I have seen her inspecting, in the earlier hours of the morning, accompanied very frequently by the King of the Belgians, and often by the King of Greece. Queen Alexandra was very human, from a feminine standpoint, and she spent hours in the big magasins, and bought toys without number for the children of the Duke and Duchess of York. In an absent-minded moment, she, on one occasion at a well-known house, said, "It will be paid for at the hotel"; but, remembering herself quickly, she ordered her attendant to pay the bill.

The Maker of Long Toms. I met Monsieur Schneider, the maker of the famous "Long Toms" that figured so frequently in the Ladysmith siege (adds my Lutetian representative). Whatever he may be at Creusot, he is the most genial man in Paris. He never takes his hands out of his pockets, and even slouches as he walks. He has the habit to look for anything that he can lean against, mantelpieces for choice. His moustache is drooping, but he has that keen sense of the business-man that he follows the history of a gun turned out of his factory with an interest of a father. When his men went on strike, three years ago, this quiet, smiling, blue-eyed man simply put his hands into his pockets, and said, "Eh, bien!" What he told me about British artillery I do not repeat.

The Marquis of Londonderry and the "G.P.O." The Postmaster General has, I am given to understand, paid

far more attention to the important Department over which he rules than is generally believed. Among the reforms which he would like to introduce—and, Heaven knows, the

public would be with him!—is the abolition of post-offices in shops. This pernicious system was instituted at a time when it was customary for a local "M.P." to give away the position of Postmaster to some thick-and-thin supporter, just as tobacconists' shops are licensed in France.

The Tax on Dogs and Cats? A more absurd and iniquitous tax than the guinea rate on dogs has never been passed. Why should the unhappy owner of an animal worth perhaps ten shillings be mulcted in double that amount for the privilege of keeping the quadruped? The cat escapes taxation, or rather—and this is where the question comes in—the owner does. Why? The usual answer is that the cat is a wanderer and an uncertain denizen of any fixed abode, but this does not satisfactorily explain why householders should not be licensed to keep cats.



FOOLS—APRIL AND OTHERWISE.

THE month of April, my dear young lady, is said by some to derive its name from the Latin phrase, *omnia aperit*. The idea, I admit, is a pretty one, suggesting the birth of flowers, the budding of hedgerows, and, in a word, a smiling Mother Earth. But it is also true that the month of April is sacred to Venus Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, and here we have another derivation that I, for one, infinitely prefer.

Not that I would have you deem me insensible to the modesty of the violet, the faint scent of the primrose, or the dainty green of the bursting leaf. There is a melody in the whisper of the April grasses, and not a note of it is out of tune. Yet may we not, when these sweet morning hours of our summer's day come round, ask for a little something more than melody? Surely, dear lady, we may look for a strain of poetry in our spring song, and this, when Aphrodite is gracious, we find in the tender glance, the fleeting smile, the sympathetic blush of Aphrodite's handmaiden. Long, then, may the month of April be sacred to the Goddess of Love!

I wish I could note for myself the expression of your face as you read these opening remarks of mine. I almost hope that they may chance to come under your notice at the very moment when the practical side of you is in possession of your mental field. Yet, should the Fates deal thus with me, I could, after all, imagine for myself the little curl of the lip, the quick toss of the head, the impatient tap of a pointed shoe on the floor that would certainly condemn me, on the evidence of my own utterings, as an April fool. Let me, therefore, anticipate this condemnation, and assure you, with all the ink-diluted sincerity that I can extract from the end of a steel nib, that, an I be called no worse a name than fool, I die content.

Having said so much, I must proceed to support my statement. In the first place, then, I would remind you that the first Chicot, whose name I have done myself the honour to adopt, was, in reality, so great a fool that he actually developed into an historical personage.



Now I, my dear young lady, being somewhat less of a fool than my immortal namesake, shall never hope to ruffle it with Kings or jostle it with Courtiers. It is on record, I believe, that one Muckle John, the last official Royal Fool of England, gibed and quipped in the dignified presence of Charles I. That being so, I warrant there came an end to his pleasantries when he saw his Royal master done to death at the hands of the public headsman. Well may he have felt that his jests had been hollow and his need of laughter mirthless! Though I bear the name, therefore, of a fool who was a great fool in Royal and political

circles, do not imagine that I seek to revive the office that died with poor Muckle John's master.

There is, of course, another kind of April fool, always associated in my mind with an invisible patch of ink or a non-existent spider. For the greater part of the year, he languishes, poor solitary one, in the vacant brain-cells of small schoolboys or in the dusty editorial cupboards of the halfpenny comic papers. One day of real life in each year is all that is vouchsafed to him, and, even then, he finds himself so ridiculed, so bandied about, so maltreated generally, that he is fain to cease his fooling and seek shelter once again by the hour of noon.

Many shapes does he take on, this sorry April fool. Now he is a stout old gentleman whose chair at the breakfast-table is quietly removed, and without warning, by a sapegrace young nephew. Then he becomes some hot, impetuous youth who receives a dainty missive by post addressed to himself in the graceful handwriting that, whilst leaving his hair unruffled, never fails to send a sudden rush of blood to his lofty and fringe-surmounted brow. The envelope, I need scarcely tell you, contains a sheet of note-paper that is blank—save for two words. They are pretty words in themselves, but the April-foolish youth does not treat them prettily or address them in pretty terms.

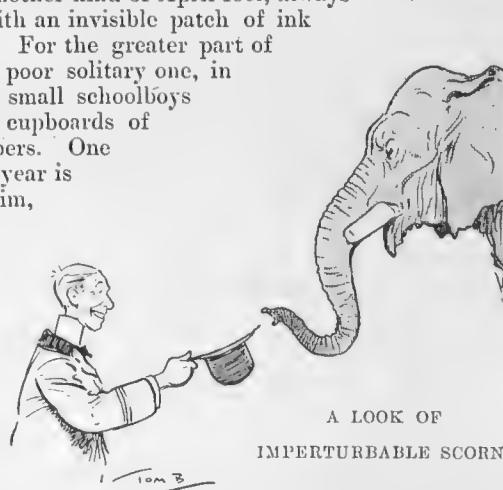
For myself, I see no adequate reason for perpetuating a custom which allows a perfect stranger to assure me, untruthfully, that my boot-lace is undone, or that I have just dropped my handkerchief on the pavement. The sympathy of the onlookers is invariably with the liar, and it is not always possible to carry off the situation with the desired amount of hauteur and sang-froid. For it is just on the cards that one *may* have dropped one's handkerchief, and, in that case, it would be particularly foolish, any day of the year, to walk on and leave the thing lying on the pavement. Or, again, one's boot-lace *might* be undone, and it is quite as well to avoid the risk of pitching head first into a chestnut-kitchen or colliding with a heavily loaded furniture-removal van.

On these occasions I console myself with the thought that, if I have been made the worst kind of April fool, there have been lots of the same sort manufactured before me. So old is the game, indeed, that it actually

originated in the Ark. If you doubt me, just turn up for yourself the story of Noah and the animals in the floating menagerie, and you will find that our somewhat crowded ancestor amused himself by letting the dove out of the window when there was not a twig above water on which she might perch or a solitary insect in existence that she might eat. And the day of the dove's first journey, you will find, was the First of April.

The complete success of this initial attempt at April fooling on the part of their respected sire probably induced Shem, Ham, and Japheth to make a little fun with the animals for themselves. That, no doubt, is how the tiger learnt to run around after its own tail—a singularly foolish pastime that has since been handed on to the unpretentious but faithful household cat. It would seem that the elephants in the Ark, also, learnt a thing or two from the younger Noahs, for to this day their descendants in the "Zoo" will treat you to a look of imperturbable scorn if you attempt to tickle their nostrils with the rim of a bowler-hat or attract their hungry gaze with the business end of a four-and-sixpenny umbrella.

Thus the sorry kind of April fool came into existence. But I have been careful, you will observe, to distinguish between the two kinds of fools. The one exists but for the half of an April day. The other is your humble servant, whose desire, dear lady, is but to wait upon your pleasure—now to provoke your mirth; then, perhaps, to coax from you a sigh, or even a tear. The month of April, the fool's month, is here; now should you, the Queen of April, consent to smile, for once in a way, upon your humble jester.



Chicot

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.



SUEZ, FROM PORT TEWFIK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHROEDER AND CO., ZÜRICH.



PORT SAID, SEEN FROM THE PORT.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE OPERA STAGE.

A CHAT WITH MR. EDWIN O. SACHS.

ON learning that the important and costly electrical installation as applied to the reconstruction of the stage at the Opera House, Covent Garden, was approaching completion, I proceeded to call upon the eminent architect and electrical engineer, Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, who is the inventor of the electrical "lift," or "stage bridge," as it is technically called, in the hope of his being good enough to give me some particulars of the work with which he has been intrusted.

Passing through a wide corridor leading to his offices, I noticed that it was hung with many of the elaborately worked drawings giving sectional elevations of the chief opera-houses and theatres of Europe that embellish his magnificent work, entitled

"MODERN OPERA HOUSES AND THEATRES,"

which was published in folio form in the years 1896, 1897, and 1899, and which deals exhaustively with stage construction. I could not help thinking that the great mechanical improvements in progress at Covent Garden will add materially to the effectiveness of the grand operatic performances, which the Royal Opera Syndicate will this season intrust to the capable stage direction of M. Messager.

"I had long been impressed with the unreliability of the hydraulic lift as applied to stage purposes," remarked Mr. Sachs, after he had very courteously expressed his willingness to give me any desired information as a representative of *The Sketch*; "and the breakdown which occurred to the hydraulic lift at Drury Lane during the run of 'White Heather'—on which occasion I was called in to advise—served only to strengthen my conviction. I had seen many of these lifts at work during repeated visits to the principal opera-houses and theatres on the Continent, where they were in use pretty generally, but they frequently proved unsatisfactory. After devoting a good deal of attention to the subject, I became convinced that

ELECTRICITY WAS THE FORCE

that would be most advantageously employed. Like many other inventors, I met with much opposition. It was declared that electricity was a force that could not be made adaptable to the slow raising of the stage required during certain scenes, say, in the so-called 'transformations,' and that, were electricity employed, the stage would shoot up suddenly, and so on."

"The story of George Stephenson and the locomotive over again?" I interpolated.

"Quite so! Well, Mr. Arthur Collins was less sceptical, and, with enterprising energy characteristic of him, he commissioned me to construct two 'stage bridges,' which, perhaps, you may have seen in operation during the production of 'The Great Ruby.' You may remember, for instance, the balloon scene. In that, the balloon appeared to ascend; as a matter of fact, it was the descent of the stage which brought about the illusion."

"Was that, then, the first employment in England of electricity as a force applied to stage purposes?"

"Absolutely. Well, it worked so satisfactorily that it was resolved to construct an installation at Covent Garden, where I have been architect and technical adviser for the last two years.

AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

we had no hydraulic machinery to supersede; we were met, instead, by an enormous mass of old-fashioned timber-work, ropes and pulleys, which we have, of course, had to completely clear out."

"Is this one of the 'stage bridges,' Mr. Sachs?" I asked, as I held up the photograph reproduced on the opposite page.

"Certainly. These bridges are worked by electric power, merely requiring ordinary switching on and off to raise them nine feet above

the stage or lower them nine feet below it. The stage itself is divided into six sections, of which five are equipped with these movable bridges, measuring forty feet by eight feet, and are built in accordance with my patents of 1898 by Messrs. Drew, Bear, Perks, and Co., of London; the electric equipment being by the Thames Iron Works, of Blackwall; and the builders' work by Messrs. Colls and Son. These bridges are suspended by wire cables which are taken over drums,

WORKED BY ELECTRIC MOTORS

on each side of the bridges. On the 'P.' and 'O.P.' side there are wing ladders which can be run on a light trolley line from below, carrying side-lights and the like."

"And how about the upper part of the stage?" I further inquired.

"The whole of the upper part of the stage has been equipped on the Continental counter-weight principle, according to the Brandt patent system, and 'cloths,' sky-borders, and the like can be manipulated by one man on the stage-level; and so can the big electric battens, although they weigh twelve hundredweight. We have had to raise the roof of Covent Garden bodily twenty feet to obtain room for this installation—an engineering feat of no small risk. So you may rightly conclude that this modernisation of Covent Garden has run into money."

"Did not the Fancy-Dress Balls somewhat hinder the progress of your work?" I asked.

"Oh, no! We had the most courteous of tenants in

MM. FRANK RENDLE AND NEIL FORSYTH,

and one might descriptively say that an army of smiths, electricians, and carpenters were hard at work behind the new fire-resisting curtain while you were all dancing on the other side."

"That reminds me that you are a great authority on fire-prevention, I believe?"

"Well, I know something of the subject, for, in my early days, I was a practical fireman for eighteen months in Berlin and Vienna, and I am now Chairman of the British Fire Prevention Committee; but, bear in mind, that Committee merely carries out experiments to ascertain the fire-resistance of building materials and systems of construction at its testing-station near

Westbourne Park. The Committee simply looks after the scientific side of the subject, and doesn't concern itself with putting out fires."

May the enterprise of the Royal Opera Company be crowned with success!

T. H. L.

DR. CONAN DOYLE IN EDINBURGH.

Dr. Conan Doyle's latest visit to Edinburgh was of a more festive character than that of last October, when he unsuccessfully contested the Central Division in the Unionist interest. He has been admitted an honorary member of Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel) No. I. of Freemasons, in recognition of his eminence as a historian and novelist, and for his services to our soldiers in South Africa. His Majesty King Edward VII. is also an honorary member of this Society. In allusion to his services in South Africa and in reply to the toast of his health, Dr. Doyle said that while at the Cape he had heard a great deal about Freemasonry. He believed that the War would ultimately promote friendship between the two races there. In allusion to the demise of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, he said that, if ever a man inflicted death in self-defence, it was he, as, if he had not killed that gentleman, he was sure Sherlock would have killed him, for one could not go on writing and thinking about the same thing for years without injuring one's nerve-fibre, and he felt it high time. During the same visit, Dr. Doyle was also the chief guest of the evening at the Edinburgh Burns Club dinner, which was put off owing to the death of the Queen, and he proposed the memory of Burns in a felicitous speech, which Treasurer Cranston said could have come only from a big-hearted man, and would never be forgotten by those who heard it.



MR. EDWIN O. SACHS, AUTHOR OF "MODERN OPERA HOUSES AND THEATRES," WHO HAS INSTALLED THE NEW ELECTRICAL LIFTS AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, AT A COST OF £20,000.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THE STAGE OF COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE IN COURSE OF RECONSTRUCTION,
SHOWING LARGE ELECTRICAL BRIDGES BEING PUT IN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOIAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

SCENES FROM "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE,"
AN AMERICAN COMIC OPERA TO BE SEEN IN LONDON.



Olga (Miss Edna May). - Jack Hemingway (Mr. Fairren Soutar).
ACT I.: POLARIA, SIX MILES FROM THE NORTH POLE.



Olga. Jack Hemingway.
ACT III.: ON THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

[See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.

EDNA MAY AND DAN DALY IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE,"
AN AMERICAN COMIC OPERA TO BE SEEN IN LONDON.



ACT I.: POLARIA, SIX MILES FROM THE NORTH POLE. MR. SMILEY, PRESIDENT OF POLARIA (MR. DAN DALY), ENDEAVOURS TO THAW OLGA, THE ICE MAIDEN (MISS EDNA MAY).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON NEW YORK.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE KING.

IT is not so generally known as it should be that the nomination of Lord Wolseley as one of the King's Special Ambassadors to announce at foreign Courts the Accession of Edward VII. was made on His Majesty's personal initiative. The act is another evidence of the unfailing thoughtfulness of the King, whose marked favour to the veteran Field-Marshal has, it is needless to say, greatly cheered him at the present time. Be sure Lord Wolseley most courteously represented the King at Vienna and Constantinople.

The late Commander-in-Chief has long enjoyed a well-won reputation for undaunted courage in the field, since, indeed, forty-three years ago, he disregarded, or rather, exceeded the instructions, during the operations at the second relief of Lucknow, of Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde). After taking a mess-house held by the rebels, Captain Wolseley pressed on to the Moti Mahal, and thus, though he captured the position, exposed himself to censure. While furious at the young officer for having exceeded the letter of his instructions, Sir Colin subsequently congratulated Wolseley on his courage and ability. It is rather curious, in this connection, that the late Commander-in-Chief should have been called by the natives on the West Coast of Africa the "General Who Never Stops"; and it is notable, too, that, while victory after victory attended his efforts in the field, in most of the actions Lord Wolseley fought in his earlier career he was wounded.

VICEROY OF IRELAND.

The announcement that Earl Cadogan has consented to retain the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for another year has been received with much satisfaction by all classes both in this country and in Ireland. It has been universally admitted that Earl and Countess Cadogan have been exceptionally successful in their efforts to promote the best interests of Old Ireland. Lord Cadogan, who has held the Viceroyalty since 1895, has happily recovered from the somewhat severe accident which befell him at his shooting lodge in the Scottish Highlands last autumn; and should the conjecture that his Lordship is retaining office in order to welcome the King and Queen on their contemplated visit to Ireland early next year turn out correct, the event would prove a fitting close to a period of office already distinguished by Lord Cadogan's welcoming our late beloved Sovereign on her last visit to Hibernia.

THE CUBICLE SYSTEM IN BARRACKS.

Lord Roberts, after a visit, in company with Lord Rowton, to the homes with which the name of the latter is associated, expressed himself in favour of the cubicle system which prevails in Lord Rowton's mansions to the barrack system. The time to which reference is made is fully two years ago, and during the interval the Commander-in-Chief, it would seem, has had under consideration, among contemplated alterations in

the condition of the British soldier, the adoption of the cubicle system. The system has, indeed, been included in Mr. Brodrick's forecast of reforms. In the new barracks for the quartering of the Sixth Army Corps at their various centres, the cubicle principle will, it is understood, be introduced. King Edward, it may be recalled, on several occasions, when Prince of Wales, visited Lord Rowton's poor men's mansions. His Majesty shares Earl Roberts' views about cubicles in barrack life, and is a warm supporter of all advances toward the realisation of the scheme.

THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER.

The approval by His Majesty of the appointment of the Earl of Leven and Melville as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has given much gratification to King Edward's loyal subjects in the North. For

three years in succession Lord Leven and Melville was chosen by Her late Majesty as her representative at the Supreme Court of the Scottish Church, and the King has pleased all classes by following precedent. The Earl and Countess of Leven and Melville are exceedingly popular in Edinburgh, and the brief seasons at the end of May when, as representative of the Sovereign, the Lord High Commissioner resides at and holds Levées in Holyrood Palace have during the régime of the Earl and Countess of Leven and Melville been singularly successful from every point of view. His Lordship is well known in London as head of the banking house of Melville, Evans, and Co., and is a Lieutenant for the City of London.

DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

The Duke of Roxburghe, who was selected to accompany the Duke of Cornwall and York on his Imperial mission, though he has not yet reached his twenty-fifth birthday, has already, by his daring and prowess in the field, won for himself a name of distinction and added one more laurel to his ancient and illustrious house. Henry John Innes-Ker, the eighth Duke in his line, succeeded in 1892 to numerous titles as well as a large patrimony in land. One of his forbears was slain at Melrose well-nigh four centuries ago; another

was Lord Privy Seal to Charles I.; and the third Duke was a noted bibliophile. The present holder of the title served gallantly with the "Blues" in many engagements in South Africa.

DEATH OF THE OWNER OF ABERGELDIE.

Mr. Hugh Mackay Gordon, who died at Eltham, in Kent, the other day, was the eighteenth laird of Abergeldie, which most people imagined was, like Balmoral, the property of Queen Victoria. As a matter of fact, Her late Majesty was only tenant of the Castle and the estate, which have been in possession of a family of Gordons for over four centuries. Abergeldie, which is contiguous to Balmoral, became about the middle of the fifteenth century the property of the first Earl of Huntly, but in 1507 a branch of the Gordon family acquired definite possession. Mr. Hugh Mackay Gordon, who had reached his seventy-fifth year, had been proprietor of Abergeldie since 1869.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS, NOW PLAYING "ENGLISH NELL" ON TOUR.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Thoughts for Lent—Sensation and its Manufacture—“Would Have Wished it So Herself”—Housing for the Rich—“The Village of Kensington”—London’s Moons—Is London Over-Advertised?

IT is the season of self-denial and contrition. Earnest-minded men have been omitting two cigarettes a-day, with a view to a general burst of dissipation at Easter, and, when the increased duties on luxuries come into play, the Exchequer should benefit from this praiseworthy course. We have been practising abstinence in annexation in the Far East, though, owing to a difference in the dates of our national festivals, Russia has postponed her period of temperance in this direction. Most of the amusements, including Parliament, have stopped for the moment. True, the temptations to virtue of late have been considerable—the Census and Show Sunday coming simultaneously—and the man who would tell the truth to an artist in his own studio, while imbibing his refreshments, not only would be superhuman, but would not be a gentleman.

An enterprising concert impresario announces a “Last Concert before Easter.” Public excitement might be similarly worked up, in the absence of anything specially startling, by a “Twenty-third Matinée since Christmas,” or a “Violin Concerto Never Before Rendered in April.” Sensation-mongering, no doubt. But the “First Performance of the Twentieth Century” and “First Appearance in the New Reign” are wearing rather threadbare. This is positively the fourteenth *Sketch* of 1901!!

London life, it has been observed, pulsed never so strongly and prosperity shone never so bright as at this moment. The theatres and hotels, Holy Week excepted, are crowded. Trade is abundant; literature has not been dealt the threatened blow; Society has not emigrated. Dinners succeed luncheon-parties; and suppers, dinners. And who says no? The death of Queen Victoria was but two months ago, it is true, and the Court is still in deep mourning. But trouble, which is too common at all times, has been a constant visitor of late. Even if London looks as though emerging from a great national rejoicing instead of an affliction, gaiety is natural. It is now certain that the rule of the King, besides his great social qualities, will be firm and beneficent. Only let us not omit every token of mourning on the principle that “the Queen would have wished it so herself.” She would; but that is hardly reason enough.

“Housing for the rich” appears the real problem of the moment, from the latest *cause célèbre*—between the Countess and her builders, who deposed to being afraid to walk about in her house for fear of bringing it down. Last year a guest in a London restaurant felt the floor beneath him move, and found himself shortly afterwards in the kitchen with the *chef*. In a suburban residence, not long ago, the paper would not stay on the walls, as it blew off—*inwards*. Similarly, at one time it was the over-crowding of the upper classes which was really London’s social scandal. Royal Proclamations forbade the county aristocracy settling in the Metropolis, and fines of £1000 and over were inflicted for

the crime of being a Londoner. Absenteeism was, of course, the cause; money was squandered in town which should have been spent among the tenants of the rich estates. Railways have effected a permanent cure by doing away with the old county families altogether.

Yet even James I. in his time feared that “England was becoming London, and London was becoming England.” The sylvan retreat of Westminster had a long struggle to be allowed connection with the distant Metropolis, and Kensington to our great-grandfathers was “the village of Kensington.” (It has lost some of its innocence since then.) London under the present régime of annexation will soon be bounded on the North by the Tweed and on the South by the English Channel. It will contain not only more Irish than Ireland and more Jews than Palestine, but more English than England. It certainly contains more than England did in 1801; the Census will prove it. The Englishman’s midday meal has become a cup of coffee and a sponge-cake, instead of the hot joint and gallon or so of ale of his ancestors—because he is a townsman.

An agricultural journal expresses a needless doubt as to why the wheat crop of last year—the returns of which are just published—shows a fresh falling off. The ground, of course, is simply filled up with suburban dwellings. The County Council is really facing the problem by planting trees and rural animals in the densest parts of the City. A wood-pigeon has just reared a family of ten, for instance, in the Temple. Possibly this continual swelling of the capital, which has created several Londons, accounts for the contradictory remarks about it in the papers. One fashionable journal says that “All Society goes out of town for Easter”; another that “Really smart people tend more and more to stay in London during Easter-tide.” A trifle puzzling for the benighted outsider!

Does not over-crowding largely result from London being over-advertised? Blackpool, the Isle of Man, and other places have been “made” by paid newspaper advertisement; why not the Metropolis? The provincial is told by the papers that London is overstocked, insanitary, expensive, and that it is his duty to his

fellow-men to stay away. So he goes there. The English, it has been said, would dislike salvation if it were compulsory. Those Royal Proclamations against residence here made it infinitely more popular. The surest way to fill anything is to say that it is over-crowded. London, like Anarchism and Hooliganism, has been encouraged in its wickedness by being held up as a warning and denounced.

HILL ROWAN.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURN, THE CLEVER LITTLE “SAN TOY” OF DALY’S, AT HOME
(OBSERVE MISS MARIE STUDHOLME ON LEFT OF MANTELPIECE).

Photo by Thomas, Chapside.

Mr. Rex Vicat Cole’s record of “A Year in Wharfedale,” at the Dowdeswell Galleries, consists of some fifty oil-paintings arranged, by a happy inspiration, according to the months of the year. Thus, in a succession of representations we see the woodland and river scenery of Wharfedale as it appears in the chilly days of the early year; again, when the primroses, bluebells, and fruit-blossoms are out; in the heat of the summer sun, when the heather is on the ground; with brilliant autumn tints; and lastly, under a covering of snow, whose whiteness is varied by delicate blue shadows. Altogether, it is an attractive exhibition, and one that testifies to the artist’s intimate regard for Nature.

ROYAL AND COMMONWEALTH COMMEMORATIVE STATUES IN LONDON.

LONDON itself might well be claimed to be the dead Queen's greatest monument, seeing how it has grown and how it has been revolutionised during the years of her long reign. Victoria Street, the Victoria Embankment, and Queen Victoria Street, great thoroughfares though they be, may keep in mind the memory of her



QUEEN VICTORIA: KENSINGTON GARDENS.

name, but they lose the personal significance which a direct monument must always achieve. And what a monument that might be could only the genius of the artist-world be given sufficient scope, and the gratitude of the nation, untrammelled by inordinate taxation to meet the demands of a protracted war, be allowed to express itself by the donation of an adequate sum. Instinctively the mind sees a great temple of sculptured stone adorned with the statues of the great workers of the Victorian era in all their varied departments, and made wonderful by pictures of the events which have caused the Victorian Age to surpass even the Golden Age of Elizabeth.

While the question still hangs in the balance, let it be recalled that

SEVERAL STATUES OF HER MAJESTY

already exist in London. Of these, that which stands under the shadow of Kensington Palace—the "dear old home," as the Queen herself used to call it—is unique by reason of the fact that it is the work of the Queen's own daughter, the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), and it was unveiled by Her Majesty herself some eight years ago. It represents the Queen at the time of her accession, in all the youth and beauty of her girlhood's days, with which so few of the generation that has mourned her loss were acquainted.

With a more imperial presence, at the head of Blackfriars Bridge, overlooking the Thames—not silvery, alas! but with blackened and polluted waters—as it flows proudly to the sea, stands a later statue of the Queen, unheeded, it

must be confessed, by the hurrying throngs which pass to and fro in thousands and tens of thousands between sunrise and sunset.

Standing sentinel at the entrance to the City, although not included in our illustrations, is another statue, in one of the niches under the Griffin which marks the place where Temple Bar once stood.

Thoughts of Victoria the Well-Beloved stir memories of Albert the Good, whose chief memorial, it will be recalled, rests in golden state in Hyde Park, opposite the Hall named in his honour. Still more familiar to those who journey by omnibus from West to East and East to West is the equestrian statue representing the Prince with bared head saluting all comers to the neighbourhood of Holborn Circus.

HER MAJESTY'S FOUR IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS

have their abiding-places in various parts of London, though to the modern Londoner those places seem to have been chosen in a manner somewhat haphazard. William IV. appropriately looks down from his lofty eminence in King William Street towards the Monument, while George IV., "the first gentleman in Europe," is forced into the company of the dissimilar crowd which is immortalised in Trafalgar Square, and if the spirits of the dead ever, as the poets say, animate their sculptured effigies, that same statue must have thought strange thoughts at the events which have happened beneath its eyes.

"Farmer George" rears in his pawing steed in Pall Mall, while George II. exhibits in Golden Square an evidence of the love of the antique which His Majesty never possessed.

Looking down towards Whitehall, with its tragical memories, sits

CHARLES I..

whose statue is, year by year, bedecked with flowers and with wreaths by those who still maintain he is the Martyr King; and, farther south,



QUEEN VICTORIA: BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

with his back to the Houses of Parliament and grimly facing the peaceful statesmen who keep sentinel in Parliament Square, stands

LORD PROTECTOR CROMWELL.

with Bible in one hand and sword in the other, haply thinking of the bauble emblem of a power which was as nothing before his slightest whim. Close by is

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED,

while in Whitehall stands Grinling Gibbons's statue of James II. His Majesty dressed like a Roman warrior, which archaeologists, no doubt, hope will be transferred to that obscurity from which it was comparatively recently removed.

In Fleet Street, set in a niche against a church, is a statue of Good Queen Bess; and

IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S STANDS QUEEN ANNE,

whom the fogs do not permit to remain "as fair as a lily," while she looks down on the inscription at her feet setting out that there the greatest Queen in Christendom stood on the day of her Jubilee.



QUEEN ANNE: ST. PAUL'S.

ROYAL AND COMMONWEALTH COMMEMORATIVE STATUES IN LONDON.



RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION.



CHARLES I.: CHARING CROSS.



CROMWELL: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



JAMES II.: WHITEHALL.



GEORGE II.: GOLDEN SQUARE.



GEORGE III.: PALL MALL.



GEORGE IV.: TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



WILLIAM IV.: KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.



PRINCE ALBERT: HOLBORN CIRCUS.

SCENES FROM "THE FORTUNE-TELLER,"
AN AMERICAN COMIC OPERA COMING TO THE SHAFTESBURY AT EASTER.



ACT III.—IN THE FOREST: A TOUCH-AND-GO SCENE WITH POINT IN IT.



[See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.

ACT III.—IN THE FOREST: A SCRATCH ORCHESTRA AND A FAIR CONDUCTOR.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

SCENE FROM "THE FORTUNE-TELLER,"
AN AMERICAN COMIC OPERA COMING TO THE SHAFTESBURY AT EASTER.



Miss Alice Nielsen.

ACT II.: OUTSIDE THE DANCING-SCHOOL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

KOREA.

"THE LAND OF MORNING CALM."

THE Korean Question, which caused the war between Japan and China a few years ago, and which may very possibly lead to war between Japan and Russia in the near future, is once more attracting general interest. The sensational telegram from Shanghai reporting the mobilisation of Russian and Japanese fleets in Korean waters no doubt exaggerated the situation at the moment, but to those who are well informed as to Japanese popular sentiment a serious development of affairs in the Far East will occasion little or no surprise.

For centuries, during which Russia was far distant from the shores of the Pacific, Korea, lying, as it were,

MIDWAY BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN,

has suffered at the hands of both. As Mr. Walton has well said, Korea "has been, like Issachar, the strong ass crouching between two burdens." Both China and Japan claimed it; time and again it has been invaded by their armies. Curiously enough, the most successful Chinese expedition was organised by a lady, the Empress Wu (end of seventh century A.D.), while a Japanese Empress, Jingu, renowned in Japanese legends as the mother of Ojiu, the God of War, conquered the south-east of Korea, then called Shinra. Jingu hung her bow over the palace of the defeated King, and wrote upon its gate, "The King of Shinra is the dog of Japan."

The deeds of Jingu, which belong to the early part of the third century of our era, naturally resulted in the formation, as one might say, of a

STRONG JINGO PARTY IN JAPAN.

At any rate, the Japanese ever since her days have maintained their claim to the suzerainty of Korea. And this claim of overlordship was not relinquished until 1876, when Japan concluded the Treaty of Kokwa, which led to the opening up of Korea to foreign trade. The independence of the country was acknowledged, though not completely, by China.

In 1894 a rebellion broke out in the southern provinces of Korea. China was asked by the Korean Government to assist in putting it down, and Chinese troops were despatched to the scene. Japan also sent a force, and suggested to China that the reform of Korea should be undertaken jointly by them.

CHINA REFUSED, AND WAR ENSUED,

with the result that Japan not only drove the Chinese out of Korea, but invaded China, captured or destroyed the Chinese fleet, and took possession of a large part of Manchuria. The final treaty gave Manchuria back to China; that great territory is now practically Russian. It is not likely that China will ever again have any hold on Korea, so that it is to Russia that Japan now looks for opposition in Korea.

Though Japan specifically declares for the independence of Korea, she has done a good deal since 1876, when the Treaty of Kokwa was negotiated, to strengthen herself in the peninsula. In Seoul, Chemulpo, Wonsan, Fusun, and Mokpo, all places of importance, there is now a very

CONSIDERABLE RESIDENT JAPANESE POPULATION.

For example, the Japanese colony in Chemulpo, now a great harbour and *entrepôt*, and but a short time ago "a collection of fifteen miserable huts," according to the British Consul's Report in 1896, numbers about six thousand Japanese, as against eight thousand Koreans in the rest of the town. There are, in all probability, at least forty thousand Japanese settled in Korea, and most of these are of the merchant class.

It has been stated that Japan keeps a large body of soldiers in Korea, and Russia, when she sees Japan uneasy and suspicious of her designs on the

"HERMIT KINGDOM,"

as Korea has been called, points to these troops and says that by them Japan's interests are sufficiently protected. But the fact is that this so-called "army of occupation" consists only of a Legation guard-of about four hundred soldiers in Seoul, and of a few policemen in uniform to look after the security of the Japanese settlements. The Koreans make no proper effort to govern or keep order.

From Shimonoseki in Japan to Fusun in Korea is about a hundred and thirty miles, and steamships ply regularly between the two ports, as also between Nagasaki and Chemulpo, a distance of some four hundred and fifty nautical miles. Japan draws a large part of her foodstuffs from Korea. Japan's population is increasing by about

HALF-A-MILLION ANNUALLY,

and her own resources are, or soon will be, insufficient; hence, from this point of view, the importance of Korea to her.

Korea itself is no unfertile, inhospitable country. A great part of the soil is excellent, and the mineral wealth of the Empire is believed to be considerable.

THE NEXT GREAT GOLD RUSH

is as likely to be to Korea as anywhere in the world. But the Koreans themselves are a lazy, indolent, incapable people; the great bulk of them will do no more than what is absolutely necessary to keep themselves alive. The harsh and oppressive rule of the official class is responsible for this state of things. Very different is the bustling activity of the Japanese.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I DO not think Mr. Andrew Carnegie's collection of essays, published in America under the title of "The Gospel of Wealth," has been issued in this country. There are passages in it which are of particular interest at the present juncture, when Mr. Carnegie is making arrangements to distribute his colossal fortune. Here is one extract—

The Gospel of Wealth but echoes Christ's words. It calls upon the millionaire to sell all that he hath and give it in the highest and best form to the poor, by administering his estate himself for the good of his fellows before he is called upon to lie down and rest upon the bosom of Mother Earth.

Mr. Julian Ralph's edition of the *Friend*, the newspaper carried on at Bloemfontein by Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Lord Stanley, and many of the best-known War-Correspondents, is to be published shortly under the happy title, "War's Brighter Side." There is an Introduction from Lord Roberts, and the illustrations include portraits of the editors in the field and at work in their improvised sanctum, and a reproduction of one of Kipling's proofs as returned to the Dutch compositor, with comments in vigorous Kiplingese. This last tit-bit ought certainly to be compared with the proofs returned by Ruskin, which were also characterised by some fine original writing, which has not yet found its way into his collected works. An edition of authors' proofs would make an interesting work of the bibliophile. I think I could contribute some interesting specimens, especially from authors who completely re-write their books in proof; but, to make this work complete, there ought to be reproduced also the comments of the publishers and printers. Unfortunately, these could be given only in a strictly expurgated form.

Mr. W. J. Stillman's volumes of reminiscences will be full of literary interest, for he was personally acquainted with Bryant, Lowell, Ruskin, and Emerson, and, of course, with innumerable artists and famous characters in the world of politics. The volumes are to be published very shortly, and I expect some of Mr. Stillman's very frank reminiscences will create not a little sensation.

M. Brunetière has washed his hands of Harvard University. It will be remembered that, some years ago, he was invited to lecture in America, and that, under his auspices, a very flourishing "Cercle Français" was formed at the University. Since then, he has sent across to the States a different lecturer each year, but has been careful to select those who represent his own views. Harvard is tired of these, and has had the audacity to invite for this year M. Gaston Deschamps, and for next year M. Hugues-le-Roux, both vigorous opponents of the Brunetière coterie. The wonder is that M. Brunetière's hide-bound, antiquated conservatism appealed at any time to an American University.

Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, the author of that remarkable book, "The Workers," which contains his experiences as one of the unemployed, has been spending the time since its publication as a day-labourer, and has just finished a book giving the history of his life under these strange conditions.

An important work on Balzac is shortly to be issued in France. It will give the history of Balzac's youth, from 1825-1828, when the great author carried on business as a printer and type-founder. Such a book would form an excellent companion to Balzac's correspondence with Madame de Hanska, which, I am glad to hear, is to be issued shortly in this country.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose striking volume of poems, "The Wild Knight," attracted so much attention, is now one of the principal book-reviewers on the staff of the *Daily News*. He is still well under thirty, and is likely to make his mark.

Journalist *réchauffés* seldom figure in my literary menu, but I make a strong exception for Mr. Henry W. Lucy's "Diary of the Unionist Parliament, 1895-1900." But, after all, Mr. Lucy does not deal with politics, but with humanity. His new book is delightfully human. It contains a series of astonishingly clever word-pictures of the big men and the small men of contemporary political life. Personally, I am more interested in the small men, especially in those who add a touch of humour to the grim and stupendous solemnity of the House of Commons. This country is under a great debt of gratitude to such men, and they ought not to be allowed to go to their long rest unhonoured and unsung. Mr. Lucy is their apologist, a kind of "K.C." for such delightful persons as Mr. Flavin, Mr. Lough, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Tommy Bowles, and Mr. Weir. And Mr. E. T. Reed, whose illustrations are included in this volume, is the master-painter of eccentricity. His drawings certainly ought to find a place in our National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Lucy's book is, too, an admirable work of reference, for it contains a complete calendar of the Sessions. Altogether, it is a book without which no gentleman's library is complete. Like Mr. Chevalier's curate, who lectures on Little Miss Muffet, Mr. Lucy's aim is to combine instruction with amusement. It is a high and splendid aim, and I congratulate Mr. Lucy on his success.

American life would be hardly worthy of its reputation if it could not eclipse English fiction. Its latest feat is a travesty on Thomas Hardy's "Well-Beloved," in which a bridegroom of ninety-five has married a girl of eighteen, the bridegroom having been at one time engaged to the girl's great-grandmother. After all, Pierston fell in love with only three generations of women—mother, daughter, and granddaughter. As usual, America goes one better.

o. o.



WAITING.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, WIGMORE STREET, W.



FACE VALUE.

AUCTIONEER: Now what shall we say for the "Roystering Cavalier" ?
FACETIOUS HEBREW: Thrice months !



CUPID'S BANK HOLIDAY.

CUPID: It's a great shame I should have to come down to Hampstead on a beastly evening like this!

[*N.B.—It is never safe to prophesy, but this was seasonable when we went to press.—ED. SKETCH.*]

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A WOMAN-OF-THE-WORLD'S ADVICE.

BY F. C. PHILIPS.



MRS. ALGERNON TOYNBEE was one of the most unnecessarily miserable women in London. Young, handsome, possessing a rich husband, and every qualification to shine in Society, she felt that all these advantages were thrown away because her husband neglected her. As a matter of fact, it was not actual neglect, but only the result of the lives they led. Algernon Toynbee certainly liked racing, and he also preferred spending his evenings at a

Club to doing so at home. But, for all that, he loved his wife in a modified—or, perhaps, I ought to say, modern—fashion, which is not demonstration, and which occasionally leads the wife to rebel. He could not understand that his wife was not satisfied to have plenty of money to spend and entire liberty of action. He thought her very unreasonable, and sometimes told her so. On these occasions, Mrs. Toynbee would retort—

"I married you for love—not money."

"Then you are particularly lucky," he would answer, "for you have both." And so they gradually drifted apart, and Mrs. Toynbee had decided to suffer in silence. Her husband's chaffing sarcasm irritated her more than his indifference. It was only natural that when things arrived at this stage there should appear on the scene a third person capable and willing to heal her wounded feelings. The person in question was one of those idle young men with "fatal" looks, whose only aim in life appears to be to sow discord in married lives, and who are to be met with in all well-constituted society. He did not make violent love to Mrs. Toynbee—that was not part of his system to begin with—but he let fall careless remarks concerning his own miserable, misunderstood life; and, later on, he cautiously hinted that perhaps Mrs. Toynbee's life was no happier than his. Evelyn Toynbee began by being flattered at the interest he took in her, and gradually she took an interest in him. In course of time, this interest developed into friendship, followed by a mild kind of love, and it had now almost reached the stage of frenzied passion. Mr. Toynbee neither saw nor cared what happened, and other people who did, and were perhaps a little jealous of her, congratulated her on having such "a dear, delightful husband."

Amongst those who perhaps saw clearer than anyone and who made no comment was her bosom-friend, Lady Barkly-West. They were near neighbours, the Toynbees living in Hans Place and Lady Barkly-West in Cadogan Square. The latter was a thorough woman of the world, the widow of a baronet who had left her a large fortune—on condition that she did not re-marry—and a consumptive child to bring up. There were few days on which these ladies did not meet. When first Evelyn had settled in London, she was very inexperienced, and she had accepted Lady Barkly-West as friend, guide, and counsellor.

And yet, now that a crisis had arrived in her existence, she did not seek her friend's advice. Lady Barkly-West rightly had the reputation of being a woman of unimpeachable morals: no one had ever accused her of the slightest deviation from the path of matrimonial rectitude, or coupled her name with that of any man. And yet she was not dull or prudish. A woman of thirty-five, still very handsome, always beautifully dressed, and entertaining largely, she might have had many admirers, but she knew just where to draw the line when they showed signs of replacing cordiality by what she laughingly called "tomfoolery."

As I have said, she saw clearly whither Evelyn Toynbee was drifting, and she was very sorry for her. Whenever she called at Hans Place, she generally found Mr. Downey in a sentimental attitude in the drawing-room. She saw them together at the theatre, at Sandown, in the Park, whenever and wherever they could conveniently meet. She knew Mr. Downey better, perhaps, than Evelyn, but she decided to say nothing. Although she was really attached to her, and would be very sorry "if anything happened," she knew that advice in the present state of things would only add fuel to the flame. "If she wishes for my advice and experience, she will ask for it," she thought; "but I will not be the first to offer it."

It was about this time that Evelyn did decide that something must be done. Her husband's indifference had reached a climax, and Mr. Downey's attentions had become so pressing that she felt that they were really made for each other, and that her marriage was a gigantic blunder which it was her duty to correct.

She had wavered and fought long enough. Henceforth she would belong to the only man who understood her and was ready to sacrifice everything for her. Only, there must be no half-measures. She would have no clandestine meetings and stolen kisses; they must make a desperate plunge and run away together. His love was overwhelming, and she would reward it by making a sacrifice of everything a woman holds most dear. Fortunately, she had no children; her husband would not miss her—only she would suffer by being a social outcast. Having heroically made this decision, she commenced making her plans. She was going to a ball that night, where she knew she would meet her lover, and she would tell him of the resolution she had made. But, first

of all, she would invite herself to dinner with Lady Barkly-West, who, she knew, was doing nothing that evening. She would, perhaps, tell her of the desperate step she was about to take, but that would depend on circumstances.

Lady Barkly-West was very pleased to have her, especially as she felt sure there was something in the air, but she refrained from mentioning Mr. Downey's name or making any allusion to him.

Evelyn appeared uneasy and nervous; she talked rapidly and almost at random, flying from one topic to another without any apparent reason. It was only after dinner, encouraged by Lady Barkly-West's genial manner, that she decided to make a clean breast of her position.

"This is the last time we shall dine together," she began. "I am going away to-morrow."

"Really?" said her friend, without exhibiting any particular surprise. "But I suppose you will come back—the Season is only half over?"

"No, I shall not come back," said Evelyn, looking steadily at the carpet; "I shall *never* come back."

"How tragically you speak! Are you ill?"

"Yes, very ill."

"What is the matter with you?"

"Disgust with my life."

"Oh, that is a very common complaint!" laughed Lady Barkly-West; "but, fortunately, you can find a remedy. You can leave the hollow shams of Society and try a country life."

"Yes, that is what I am going to do," said Evelyn hesitatingly, "only—only I am not going alone."

"Your husband going with you?"

"No, someone else."

Then there was a pause.

After a time, Lady Barkly-West rose, and, putting her hand affectionately on Evelyn's shoulder, said: "I think I can guess—you mean Cecil Downey?"

Evelyn nodded her head.

"Has he asked you to run away with him?"

"No; I am going to ask him."

Then Lady Barkly-West sighed, an immense sigh of relief.

"You are safe, my dear," she said. "He will refuse."

Evelyn looked up in surprise.

"He loves me devotedly," she said, "and Algernon does not care what I do. He will be glad to be rid of me."

"I am sorry to say I don't believe either of those statements. Cecil Downey cares only for himself, and your husband is a very fair specimen of the everyday husband—absolutely without vice. He is easy-going and careless—perhaps a little too much so. But why should he have married you if he didn't love you? You hadn't a penny."

"I know I hadn't," answered Evelyn tearfully, "but I loved him."

"Of course you did, and so you do now—only you don't know your own mind."

"I love Cecil Downey now. We are the necessary complement of each other. He has told me so over and over again. Why should we both be eternally miserable for the sake of a silly old marriage service having been read over my head, half of which I didn't understand or even listen to?"

"It is fortunate everyone does not think so lightly of the marriage service. Personally, I think it is an excellent institution, and one to be very much respected."

"Oh, of course, you are above reproach and temptation, and all that sort of thing! I don't know why I confided in you. Only you have always been very kind to me, and I like you. I felt it would be ungrateful of me to go away without wishing you good-bye," and some tears stood in her eyes.

"If I am above reproach, and all that sort of thing, it is, perhaps, because I have seen the utter folly of being otherwise," said Lady Barkly-West gravely. "There is no merit in being temptation-proof unless one has been tempted."

"Of course, I know you are very much admired," said Evelyn, "but no one would dare make real love to you."

Lady Barkly-West laughed.

"Do you think so?" she said. "You are mistaken. Men have loved me—or rather, they have said so."

"But, then, you did not care for them?"

"I cared for one, the one who made the most violent protestations, until my eyes were opened."

"That is different. He did not love you as Mr. Downey loves me."

"Perhaps not," said Lady Barkly-West carelessly; "and yet, oddly enough, his name was Cecil Downey!"

"Do you mean to say—?" gasped Evelyn.

"Yes, my dear Evelyn. It is a disagreeable thing to have to tell you, but at one time—not so very long ago—Mr. Downey was going to cut his throat or hang himself, or I know not what, unless I gave him hope. It was just before my husband died. When he heard of the will, life without me did not seem to possess the same terrors for him, and he cooled down. So did I. I did not regret him in the least. I only felt humiliated at having been loved for my money. If I had given him 'hope' during my husband's life, it would have been all right, but to be saddled with a penniless wife was more than his manly shoulders could bear."



MRS. BRIDLING : I am so looking forward, Professor, to witnessing the Coronation celebrations !
PROFESSOR (*reflectively*) : Ah ! We just missed the last, didn't we ?

Evelyn sat staring at her with a feeling of being stunned. Was Lady Barkly-West really telling the truth, or was this a history invented by her to save her young friend from the peril by which she was threatened?

She could not believe Cecil Downey to be mercenary, and she almost believed him when he said that he had never loved anyone until he met her. The shock was terrible—almost overwhelming. At last, she gathered sufficient strength to say, "I suppose it is not a joke you are playing on me?"

"A joke?" asked Lady Barkly-West, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes; I mean, you might, in your kindness, have thought of this to save me from what I am about to do."

"I should scarcely joke on such a subject," said Lady Barkly-West.

"No, I suppose not," said Evelyn, with a sickly little smile. "Then it is really true?"

"What I have told you is the absolute truth. But if you would like to see some of his letters—I think I have kept them."

"Oh no! I should hate to see them!" And then there was another pause. Evelyn was thinking how disagreeably this news had affected her whole life. It was almost ridiculous to be told that the man for whom she was prepared to make such an heroic sacrifice would probably decline it with thanks. It was humiliating beyond words. And then vanity came to her aid. Perhaps he had only had an exaggerated flirtation with Lady Barkly-West. He did not feel the same love for her as he now felt for Evelyn. Lady Barkly-West was ten years older than Evelyn. And yet, the letters! Perhaps she had better see them to convince herself. No! She decided that she would rather not. And yet it would be difficult to put him to any test. She could scarcely bear the affront of his refusing if she asked him to run away with her. In her bewilderment, she said at last, "You have dealt me a very hard blow!"

"I am sorry," said Lady Barkly-West, "but it is only fair that I should give you my experience. Of course, it rests entirely between ourselves. I suffered at the time because—well, I suppose I really loved him, and he promised me the devotion of a lifetime and a lot of other nonsense, which was only humbug. I see you scarcely believe me. If this is the case, follow out your programme, and judge for yourself how he likes the idea of an elopement followed by an appearance in the Divorce Court."

"He might not mind, for my sake," said Evelyn weakly.

"Perhaps not; you are younger and more attractive than I."

"Oh, no; I don't mean that!" said Evelyn quickly; "only—"

"Yes, you do mean that, and I am not in the least offended. Every woman thinks she is loved as no one has ever been loved before. I thought so myself when I was at your stage."

"I am so miserable at home!" wailed Evelyn.

"Why are you miserable? You have everything to make you happy."

"I have money, and society, and all that sort of thing; but Algernon doesn't care two straws for me, and Mr. Downey swears that I have ruined his whole life."

Lady Barkly-West smiled.

"Hasn't he threatened to cut his throat yet?" she said.

"Please don't make fun of our—our affection," said Evelyn. "It is really sacred."

"I hope it will remain so. If you were to run away with him, it would become immoral, vulgar, commonplace."

"We should not be the first couple who have sacrificed the world for love," said Evelyn.

"And of all sacrifices it is the most useless and silly," said Lady Barkly-West. "The love of two young people which has for its basis only passion and rebellion is the least lasting of all. I am not going to preach you a sermon, dear," she said, as she noticed Evelyn's impatient movement; "but do believe me when I tell you that you haven't a thousand-to-one chance of remaining happy after the first six months. You may neither of you care about Society. Nowadays, it is the fashion to say that one is bored by everything and everybody. I grant that your expulsion from every decent house may not affect you, and that you have no friendships about which you care. But have you thought of your relations, of the mother who brought you up, of your father who, perhaps, idolised you as a child? Have you thought of the lasting disgrace that you will bring on them, and that they also will close their doors to you?"

"My parents would never close their doors to me," said Evelyn, a little doubtfully.

"Then they could receive you only in secrecy and when you were away from Mr. Downey. No one would go to their house if they thought they would meet 'the daughter who is away with some man'."

"How horrid you are!" exclaimed Evelyn, driven to desperation. "I should never wish to meet any of their odious friends."

"Then the feeling would be mutual, but that wouldn't make it any the better for your parents."

"What am I to do?" said Evelyn, in another burst of despair.

"Will you take my advice if I offer it?" asked Lady Barkly-West.

"Your advice can be only that of a woman who has extraordinary control over her feelings, and who has, perhaps, very little heart," said Evelyn.

"Thank you, dear! I have quite as much heart as you, only I have much more experience of the world and its Mr. Downeys. Don't go to your ball to-night. Of course, you are going to meet him there and listen to all his sentimental rubbish. Stay here as long as you like, and then go home and, if Mr. Toynbee is not in, sit up for him. When he

comes home, tell him that you are tired of London and the opposite lives you are both leading; ask him to take you abroad at once, or on a yachting cruise—anywhere where you will be able to see more of each other."

"He would refuse without a moment's hesitation," said Evelyn quickly.

"Not if you put the proposition strongly enough. If he does persist in refusing, tell him that you have been dining with me and that this is my advice."

"What effect would that have?" asked Evelyn sharply. "Surely you are not going to tell me that you have secrets with my husband? Has he, too, been making love to you?"

Lady Barkly-West burst out laughing. "I don't remember his having ever done so, although I have known him nearly all my life. It is not a question of love, but I rather fancy he has confidence in my judgment."

"He would ask me a lot of awkward questions. It is impossible for me to follow your advice."

"Would you like me to speak to him?"

"Oh, no; still less! You would tell him my secret."

"I should certainly not do so without your permission. You think I have been lecturing you. Why shouldn't I lecture him? Mind you, I would rather not. I particularly dislike interfering between husband and wife, only, as you have confided in me—"

"Yes, it is very kind of you. You are the only friend I have."

"And even that friendship would not remain if you disgraced yourself with Cecil Downey."

"I cannot believe that he does not love me," said Evelyn.

"I dare say he does love you after his fashion. You are extremely pretty and fascinating, but I very much doubt his willingness to make the sacrifice of his life for you," said Lady Barkly-West. And then she took both Evelyn's hands in hers and continued, "Believe me; no man is worth that sacrifice. In six months you would hate him far more than you have ever disliked Algernon."

"I don't hate Algernon," said Evelyn; "only he is so unkind."

"He is not unkind; he is only thoughtless."

"He ought not to be thoughtless; he ought to think of me sometimes."

"I dare say he does, only men always think more of themselves. You would find Cecil Downey exactly the same, and you would have the additional disadvantage of having no friends to fall back upon. You look perfectly lovely to-night in your ball-dress. Let your husband see you in all your glory when he comes home, and I will wager that he won't refuse your proposition."

The idea of her loveliness and her ball-dress was a nail which drove home. It suddenly occurred to Mrs. Toynbee that, after to-night, she would have no need for ball-dresses, and that her loveliness would be appreciated only by Mr. Downey.

"I believe you are right," she said. "I suppose I ought to give him one more chance."

And thus it was that, very few days after that conversation, people were surprised to read in the *Morning Post* that Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Toynbee had left London for Norway, and would not return for some months.

The next time Mr. Downey met Lady Barkly-West, he asked her carelessly if she knew why they had left so suddenly.

"I can't think," she said smilingly, "unless it be that my wits are just a little sharper than yours." And to this provoking reply Mr. Downey found nothing to say.

IN AN APRIL GARDEN.

Two children play in a garden fair,

Where zephyrs blow

And violets grow;

They mock at pain and they laugh at care,

For sun shines bright

And all is light:

A little boy and a little girl,

They play in the garden fair,

But, by-and-by, o'er that garden fair

There comes a change,

Half sad, half strange:

The hand of Time is passing there.

They blush and sigh,

But know not why:

A bashful youth and a maiden coy,

They stroll in the garden fair.

And then at length o'er that garden fair

The shadows creep

And arms of sleep:

The stillness of night is in the air:

Around and above

Are waves of love:

Long years ago they played, but now

They kiss in that garden fair. K. II.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

PURCELL'S "DIDO AND AENEAS,"

revived at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, on March 25, is a choice example of a musician described by an eminent German critic as "the greatest composer England has produced." He was undoubtedly far in advance of his time, being the first composer to introduce recitative instead of spoken dialogue. "Dido" was produced in 1680, and was written for the proprietor of a Chelsea school. Purcell's masterpiece was, however, "King Arthur," some portions of the music being still heard in our concert-rooms. The composer, who also wrote some fine sacred works, died in 1695, and in November of that year was buried in Westminster Abbey, his anthem written for the funeral of Queen Mary being performed at his own funeral. In 1895 the students of the Royal College of Music performed the opera at the Lyceum Theatre, and it was given last year at the Hampstead Conservatoire. The performance at the Coronet Theatre was a creditable one, Mrs. Grace Wike, as the heroine, and Mr. Edward Iles, as the hero, doing justice to their respective characters. The work was rendered picturesque and effective owing to the enthusiasm of Mr. Gordon Craig, who took the greatest pains in superintending the representation. "The Masque of Love," from "Diocletian," coming after "Dido and Aeneas," scarcely received the attention it deserved, midnight being reached long before it was finished. Many delays occurred in the performance of the first opera, and once an occupant of the gallery raised a laugh by calling out, "Hurry up, Dido!" when the classic heroine failed to appear at a critical moment. But the reception of the opera was generally favourable. Mrs. Epstein was warmly applauded as the sorceress. The Purcell Operatic Society chorus did excellent work—in fact, the grand old English composer who flourished two centuries ago was adequately represented, and during the performances that followed many admirers of Purcell's music made a pilgrimage to Notting Hill, not a few being also attracted by the charming acting of the great public favourite we are shortly to see with Sir Henry Irving in "Coriolanus," at the Lyceum.

ELLEN TERRY AS NANCE OLDFIELD.

It was a capital idea of the Purcell Operatic Society to combine their interesting Purcell programme at the Coronet Theatre with the appearance of Miss Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield," a play in which, although there is not full scope for her powers, she has always won very hearty admiration and applause. The popular actress was in capital form, and played with great vivacity.

THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON.

There is a probability of matinées being given at Covent Garden this season. The Directors have not quite decided, but are in favour of the plan if arrangements can be made with the artists. Engagements for the orchestra have already been made with a view of carrying out the idea, which, I feel certain, would be acceptable to opera-goers, many of whom have never seen the last Acts of some famous lyrical works. A humorous subscriber recently suggested that some pleasant evenings might be spent at the Royal Opera in listening to the concluding scenes of famous works usually performed after midnight.

PROFESSOR STANFORD'S OPERA, "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,"

will not only be performed in English at the Royal Opera, I rejoice to hear, but the foreign choristers will give place to students from the Royal College of Music, which splendid national institution will also provide the band that is heard upon the stage in one scene. Some opera-goers will not regret to hear that the principal vocalists are to have the chief work of the opera, being on the stage incessantly. The lovely songs of Shakspere will be introduced, and Dr. Stanford has composed a delightful Morris-dance, accompanied by the chorus. This, I anticipate, will be one of the greatest successes of the opera. Mr. Bispham, as the hero, will have some very characteristic music, and, being an excellent actor, he is certain to make the most of the interesting dramatic situations.

In order to enhance the effect of certain revivals contemplated by the Royal Opera Company, new scenery will be painted. One of the novelties, "Le Roi d'Ys," by Lalo, will fully employ the new stage

appliances (described on an earlier page), as the overflow of a river has to be represented.

MR. ROBERT NEWMAN'S QUEEN'S HALL MUSICAL FESTIVAL

can hardly fail to be a very interesting one. He has already engaged a host of famous artists, including Madame Blanche Marchesi, Madame Marie Brema, Herr Van Rooy, and Mrs. Henry Wood as vocalists, M. Ysaye appearing both as violinist and conductor, M. Saint-Saëns also undertaking the duties of conductor; while Mr. Henry J. Wood's great capacity in directing the famous Queen's Hall band will be turned to the fullest account. Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé as violinists, Signor Busoni and Mr. Harold Bauer as pianists, and Herr Becker, the renowned violoncellist, will be the prominent soloists; and the appearance of M. Colonne, the famous Parisian conductor, will be greatly appreciated. Full particulars will shortly be announced.

THE LYCEUM "CORIOLANUS."

Those who reported that Sir Henry Irving would start his welcome Lyceum season with a revival of "The Merchant of Venice" spoke not by the card. Sir Henry will begin, and doubtless go right through, with "Coriolanus," which he is, at the moment of writing, rehearsing vigorously. It will be a beautiful production, with its *mise-en-scène*

designed by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, its fine Roman scenery being painted by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Joseph Harker, and Walter Hann, and its specially composed music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. There are quite a lot of Knights, you see, connected with the production. The cast includes not only Miss Ellen Terry as Volumnia, but the charming Miss Mabel Hackney as Virgilia, and a new "leading juvenile," Mr. W. E. Ashcroft, to wit, as Tullus Aufidius. It may here be mentioned that this clever young actor was "discovered" by the present writer, who, on going down to Liverpool for *The Sketch* to see George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley's powerful "Salvation Army" drama, "The Scarlet Sin," saw young Mr. Ashcroft play the hero therein, and anon recommended him to Sir Henry.

Take note that Sir Henry Irving will not adopt Mr. Benson's pronunciation of "Coriolanus" as "Corryolarnus," but will adopt the usual form, "Co-ry-o-laynus."

MISS FANCHON THOMPSON.

Miss Fanchon Thompson, the lady who has just succeeded Miss Marie George in "The Belle of Bohemia" at the Apollo, is indeed a charming damsels, as her *Sketch* portrait shows. Like many Transatlantic folk, Miss Thompson was educated in Paris, where, as the waggish historian has assured us, "all good Americans go to when they die." This latest American Belle made her débüt at our own Covent Garden a couple of years or so ago, and anon migrated to the Paris Opéra-Comique. In America, Miss Fanchon Thompson has been chiefly associated with Gilbert and Sullivan operas and with light musical plays. The gifted young lady has made a pronounced "hit" in "The Belle of Bohemia," quite "lifting" the more important musical portions.

"THE FORTUNE-TELLER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

As *Sketch* readers have been already informed, the sometime closed Shaftesbury is to be re-opened in Easter Week by Mr. George Musgrave, who will again try his luck with an American-made play, represented by American-born players—"The Fortune-Teller," to wit. Moreover, Mr. Musgrave, being, like most theatrical managers, superstitious, has determined that this piece shall be submitted to Londoners on the 9th inst.—next Tuesday—because, forsooth, April 9 was the date on which he produced that phenomenally successful Transatlantic mixture, "The Belle of New York." Of course, we all (including Mr. Musgrave) know that "the play's the thing," not the date; but let that pass. It is more necessary at the moment to present certain details concerning "The Fortune-Teller," certain pictures of which production are given in this issue.

This piece is, librettically, the work of that prolific American librettist, Mr. Harry B. Smith, has been set to music by Mr. Victor Herbert, and is in three Acts. The scene is laid in Buda-Pesth, and thus affords fine scope for picturesque *mise-en-scène*. Like many recent American musical pieces, including "The Belle of Bohemia," the story, which teems with intrigue, turns upon twin-like resemblances between certain



MISS FANCHON THOMPSON, THE NEW "BELLE OF BOHEMIA."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

characters. Thus, the Hungarian heroine (front-named Irma) is so startlingly like her twin soldier-brother that, on hearing he has deserted, she is able to run away from home and take his place in his regiment. Like one or two of Defoe's soldier-heroines, she, of course, deceives everybody—even contriving to join in, or to prevent, duels between full-grown men, and being fallen in love with by a Hussar, as our principal pictures show. This startling personal resemblance does not end here, for lo! a local ballet-master, learning that Irma is an heiress, contrives to find a wandering fortune-telling damsel who is the very image of Irma, and persuades her to personate that missing military "heroine-hero."

Anon Irma returns—still in her soldier's uniform—and, on curiously peeping around to see what her substitute is like, with a view to denouncing her, is at once arrested as her deserting brother, and carried back to the camp. At an awkward moment for Irma, her apparently deserting brother returns, and shows that he has been on a secret expedition, and, as it proved successful, all is forgiven, and all ends happily. Miss Alice Nielsen, the young American comic-opera "star," who plays Irma, is a delightful actress and singer who has made big successes in the States, and the remainder of the company appears to be strong. Miss Nielsen has played this pretended soldier on and off since "The Fortune-Teller" was first produced, in Toronto, Canada, nearly three years ago.

MR. BENSON'S REVIVAL OF "HAMLET"

in what he, perhaps a little ostentatiously, calls an "abridged" version, certainly should have success at the Comedy Theatre, seeing that throughout there is maintained a very high standard of acting. Indeed, I do not think we have had a sounder presentation of the famous tragedy. Of course, more gorgeous productions have been given, and, no doubt, at times the smallness of the stage is oppressive, and yet many of the scenes are very picturesque. The excellent, finely intellectual treatment of Hamlet's part by Mr. Benson is well known, and nothing more need be said concerning his very interesting work. Mrs. Benson's Ophelia is one of her best parts. The character of the King, usually unimpressive, was so strongly played by Mr. Oscar Asche as to be of great weight. Admirable acting was the result of the efforts of Mr. Hignett, the Horatio, Mr. Rodney, the Laertes, and Mr. Brydone, the Polonius.

EDNA MAY, "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE."

It will surely be interesting to many London playgoers to know that their sometime—nay, long-time—favourite, Miss Edna May, is likely to reappear in London soon. It should even be interesting despite the fact that her recent reappearance on her native stage, namely, at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, instead of at her former local theatrical abode, the Casino, was made in a piece which did not—to use a popular Americanism—"pan out" any too well. The piece in question is the concoction of the concocters of "The Belle of New York," namely, Messrs. Hugh Morton and Gustave Kerker. It is entitled "The Girl from Up There," and in it Miss Edna May (see current *Sketch* pictures) was cast for the character of a lovely "She-Who-Must-be-Obeyed" kind of girl who has long been "frappé'd" (as they say) in a

more than usually cold and cruel iceberg. She is only to be set free and re-introduced to what the Americans call "gilt-edged sassiety" if she can contrive to quaff from a certain golden goblet that has been—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—"conveyed," as Shakespere has it. It is to be noted that, if the temporarily thawed heroine fails to secure a draught from this cup, she becomes due to "die at ninety days."

This is virtually the entire story of "The Girl from Up There," and it has to be reported by the present veracious chronicler that the piece was not too favourably received on its initial performance. Since then, however, tidings have reached me that, thanks to certain judicious revisions, not only have better acting and singing opportunities been given to Miss May, but also to such

excellent artists as Miss Virginia Earle (who was to replace Miss Marie George at the Apollo), Miss Edna Aug (so long a favourite at our Palace Theatre), and Mr. Farren Soutar, the handsome and hilarious son of our own beloved Nellie Farren. According to latest advices, it would appear that "The Girl from Up There" will be brought to our Duke of York's Theatre on the 22nd inst.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD,

so long the beloved heroine at the Duke of York's, will presently take active steps as to building a new theatre for herself, with her husband, Mr. J. R. Coulter, to supervise.

"HENRY V." ON TOUR,

has met with the same success Shakespere's great national drama had on its production by Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Mollison at the Lyceum. In Manchester and in Liverpool, the play, so powerfully and well performed by those gentlemen and their admirable company (in which figures the captivating actress portrayed on the front page of *The Sketch*), was received with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which will doubtless be repeated on Easter Monday, when this militant piece is transferred to the boards of the handsome Camden Theatre.

MR. WHITWORTH MITTON,

one of the best of our younger tenors, is a native of Lancashire. On coming to London, he entered the Royal Academy, where he had the advantage of studying under Mr. Shakespere. During the last two years Mr. Mitton has come quite to the front, and this season he has sung for the first time at the Ballad Concerts at Queen's Hall. As regards oratorios and cantatas, he has made one of his chief successes in "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." He sings the now famous song, "Awake, Beloved," charmingly.



MR. WHITWORTH MITTON, ONE OF THE BEST OF OUR YOUNGER TENORS.

Photo by Symmonds, Llandudno.

MR. ARTHUR HELMORE

has many claims to fame, but the chief of these, perhaps, is the fact that he was the original Private Secretary. His performance as the little Curate who "didn't like London" was quite as good as those of either Mr. Beerbohm Tree or Mr. W. S. Penley. Since that time, Mr. Helmore has made quite a speciality of clerical-comedian parts.

NEW PLAYS AT FULHAM.

Fulham would seem to be the place for new plays just now. Not only was a farcical comedy, written by Mr. Barton White and entitled "Mostly Fools," produced at Mr. A. T. Henderson's pretty local theatre, the Grand, on "All Fools' Day," but next Monday there will be tested there a new melodrama, written by the prolific Mr. F. A. Scudamore, and entitled "A Bad Character."

"THE TWO MRS. HOMESPUNS,"

which had its first Metropolitan production at the Métropole, Camberwell, a few nights ago, proved a very diverting play. It was, for the ingenuity that towered above its little defects, highly creditable to its authors, Messrs. J. H. Darnley and H. A. Bruce. Its leading part—one that dwarfs the rest of the *dramatis personæ*—a fiery Corsican, with, of course, Vengeance as his ruling passion, was splendidly played by Mr. F. H. Tyler, so long a valued member of Messrs. Harrison and Maude's Haymarket Company.

"THE LION HUNTERS,"

as Miss Leonard and Mr. J. T. Grein's new translation of "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie" is now called, will be put up at Terry's for a run, starting next Wednesday. The manager will be Mr. E. H. Kelly, whose charming wife, Miss Nina Boucicault, will repeat the delightful impersonation of the heroine which she gave at the recent Strand matinée.

BOXING ON THE STAGE.

Time was when Jem Mace, his ring days over, shone at night in pugilistic poses at the Halls; and very graceful his living pictures of classic statuary were. Now, Harry Harris, the light-weight boxer who defeated Pedlar Palmer recently at the National Sporting Club, puts on the mittens at the Oxford, and goes in for "scientific rounds" with Sammy Kelly.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY** in the matters of **NAMES** and **DATES**, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



MR. ARTHUR HELMORE, THE ORIGINAL "PRIVATE SECRETARY."

Photo by Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Easter Trip—The Motor on the Road—A New Puncture-Stop—A Celluloid Map-Case—Girl Cyclist Messengers—Arranging Tourist Parties—Cyclists in South Africa.

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 3, 7.34; Thursday, 7.35; Friday, 7.37; Saturday, 7.39; Sunday, 7.40; Monday, 7.41; Tuesday, 7.43.

If any wheelman or wheelwoman has not yet definitely decided where to go this Easter tide, let me suggest an excursion to the New Forest. The trees are just on the bud, and, although the scenery is not so picturesque as it will be at Whitsun, the roads present a capital surface. There are plenty of decent hotels, and, should ill-weather set in, one is never far away from a railway-station. The best plan for those who have only a day or two to spare is to take train from London down to Lyndhurst or Brockenhurst, use one of these as a touring centre, visit the district around, and return to the hotel each evening, where one may keep a change of clothes if desired. To those Londoners who feel inclined to follow this advice, I would suggest that they do not keep too rigidly to the roads marked "good" upon their maps. I have found in the New Forest that "other roads" present really admirable going, and take one into delicious little bits of country, right away from the tourist's track.

As my readers know, I am looking forward to when, at no very distant time, motor-bicycles will be the vogue, and our trips into the country will be something in the nature of a continuous coast. Still, I am prepared to abjure motor-bicycles for ever unless they can be made to run smoother than the ordinary motor-tricycle or motor-car, such as we now encounter on the highways. One of the charms of cycling is to have an easy-running, silent machine, so that one may glide along pretty lanes without anything disturbing the quietness. I was out from morning to sunset two Sundays ago, and I was continually meeting or being passed by motors. The row they made was rather like that of a demented milk-cart. Tearing and spurting along, with the driver holding tight, as though in dread every moment of a smash, did not suggest, to the onlooker at any rate, that there was much in the way of poetry and peace during such a journey. Indeed, if you are quietly pedalling on a country road, enjoying the fresh air and the view, I know nothing that discomforts one so quickly as to hear the "teuf-teuf" of the motor. I am no opponent of motors, as many cyclists are, but I do wish they could be made to run silently.

As searching for the unpuncturable tyre seems about as futile as the quest for perpetual motion, the ingenuity of cyclists is being turned towards discovering some means of checking the effects of a puncture. There must be a hundred patents, which are all supposed to prevent a puncture occurring, but these, like other well-laid plans of mice and men, "gang aft agley." Several folks whose opinions are worth considering have recently been enthusiastic over a new puncture-stop, which is the result of scientific experiments by two German chemists. I read that the preparation is put up in collapsible tubes, and consists of a sticky fluid of glutinous substance. Four ounces of this have to be passed into the air-tube, and, it is claimed, all puncture troubles cease. This may be so, but I should like to know, before pumping four ounces into my own tube, what would be the effect of the chemical preparation

upon the fabric. Probably enough, the substance would check small punctures, but I rather fear that, if one got a nasty gash in the tube, the preparation would not only not effect a repair, but rather hinder a mend being made in the ordinary way.

All of us who do much touring know the inconvenience of having to dismount and unfold a good-sized map when searching for the route. In windy or showery weather this is a nuisance, and the condition of some maps that I have seen at the end of even a fortnight's tour has certainly been disreputable. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, the map-makers, have sent me a celluloid map-case, patented by a Scotch cyclist, Mr. James Horne. You fold your map in such a way as to expose the particular route that you are following. I am always ready to give a good word for anything that is really useful to cyclists, and I can recommend this case.

Men are always grumbling of women ousting them from particular occupations, and very soon we shall have the boy messenger complaining that girls have come in and seized the messenger business. The Postmaster at St. Anne's-on-Sea, which is a great golfing centre, having found that all the boys prefer acting as caddies to becoming telegraph messengers, has employed a number of girls as cyclists to do this kind of work. It was a pure experiment at the start, but the girls have done their duties exceedingly well and expeditiously. They do not loiter on the way, and most of them are expert on their wheels. Up to now the girl cyclists have not worn any distinctive costume, but I hear that the postal authorities intend to devise some suitable jacket and hat for them. This is an acknowledgement that the girls as messengers are a success, and so, before long, we are certain to have them employed for the same purpose in many parts of the country.

If you can get the right people together, there is nothing so delightful as touring in a party. I do not believe in large parties, because inconvenience arises in respect to hotel accommodation, and the pace never suits all riders. It is often possible, however, at holiday times for four or six friends to arrange to have a jaunt together. Instead of going along in a haphazard manner through a certain district, leaving it to be

decided each morning what will be the particular route for the day, it is a much better plan for the friends to agree roughly on the general route, and then leave it to one of their number to act as captain, to decide the stopping-places and the exact distances to be covered. Then a second member of the party should be deputed to act as treasurer, paying all expenses as the party goes along, and at the end each man can pay his share. For comfort, these plans should always be adopted. Speaking from some considerable experience in touring, I know it adds much to the enjoyment of a holiday. If you get six men together with no leader, and the route for the day has to be decided upon, it is almost impossible to avoid a certain amount of friction. Always appoint a leader, and then remain loyal to the programme he lays down.

The Government intend utilising cyclists for the purpose of guarding the railway in South Africa. This is an exceedingly useful decision. Although I have recognised all along the limitations of the cyclist in warfare, the difficulty of getting over rough and broken ground compared with the horseman, I am convinced that in the matter of railway guarding the cyclist is more useful.

J. F. F.



DR. CONAN DOYLE, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT BOER WAR."

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Lincoln. We were all very glad to renew acquaintance with the Lincoln Meeting, and I do not think I ever saw a bigger attendance on the Carholme than that of the Handicap day. True, the nobility were not present in large numbers, but the general public turned up in their thousands, and the excursion traffic was much heavier than usual. What is better, the favourite won the big race, and all the little punters, who invariably follow the money, were on the best



LITTLE EVA, WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

of terms with themselves. It was soon discovered that none of the Newmarket horses were quite ready. Harrow looked big, and Marconi did not please the critics. Good Luck was much liked, so was Nightshade, but Forfarshire was very much off colour. The country-trained animals, Lackford and Little Eva, carried the bulk of the money, although a heavy commission for Nippon at the last moment caused that horse to come in the market. The race is easily described, as Little Eva made practically the whole of the running and won cleverly from the outsider, Alvescot, who beat Lackford by a head for second place. The last-named, I should add, was the best-backed horse for a place in the race.

The Smart Captain. Captain Bewick, who manages the Grateley Stable, where Little Eva is trained, is one of the 'cutest' owners we have on the Turf, and his knowledge of racehorses and racing is unique. Formerly an officer in one of our crack cavalry regiments, he used to ride in steeplechases and flat-races, and he has been known to leave Kingsclere overnight, ride at Sandown Park on the following day, and appear on parade in Ireland the next morning. He used to have his horses trained by the late J. Jones at Epsom, at the time when Jones trained His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's jumpers. Perhaps the biggest riding feat Captain Bewick ever accomplished was when he got Wild Meadow over the Sandown Course. Wild Meadow was one of the biggest brutes in training, and none of the stable-lads would ride him at exercise; but Captain Bewick, by the aid of a blackthorn, used to manage the horse fairly well. When the horses in Captain Bewick's stable win, the bookmakers generally know it.

On a Jury. A friend of mine, who, by-the-bye, takes very little interest in sport, happened to be sitting on a Jury on Lincoln Handicap day, and, after the time for

the decision of the race, he was surprised to find the Usher of the Court slip a piece of paper into his hand containing the name of the winner. The official afterwards stated to my friend that he could see by the anxiety in his face that he wanted to know the result, and he thought it to be only right to relieve his mind. As a matter of fact, my friend was fidgeting about catching his ordinary train down to the country, but the Usher evidently diagnosed the case badly. I was summoned to appear on a Jury once during Derby week. Luckily, we sat out a long case on the Tuesday, and, by lengthy pleading, I induced the Foreman to beg the Judge to excuse us from serving on the following day. His Lordship, with a merry twinkle in his eye, granted us longed-for holiday, but with this parting shot: "Remember, gentlemen, I shall expect you to turn up in good time on Thursday." We did.

Futures. I have heard that Misunderstood is a good thing for the Dove-ridge Plate at Derby, which is not run until April 19. La Roche is being put about as a good thing for the City and Suburban, but I do not know yet what sort of condition the animal is in. If she goes to the post fit and well on April 24, she should be backed, for I am not likely to easily forget her splendid performance over this course last year, when she won the Oaks so easily. True, 8 st. 11 lb. is a lot of weight for a four-year-old to carry; yet the course is one on which heavy-weights get home, and La Roche looks like a weight-carrier. Royal Flush, General Peace, Merry Methodist, Alvescot, and Innocence are very likely to be backed for this race. Innocence ran second to Flying Fox for the Derby, and second last year to The Graftor for the City and Suburban; so this horse must be ticked dangerous by those persons who believe in horses for courses. On the Lincoln Handicap running, Alvescot has a great chance if a good jockey is put up.

A Big Scheme. I have heard a whisper of a very big scheme in connection with sporting journalism; but, as the matter is at present only just hinted at, I must not let the pussy out of the sack, and I may here add that it will be useless for correspondents to write me on the matter. There is a big opening for any capitalist to do sport journalistically as well and as up-to-date as news has been done during the last half-dozen years, and there is money in sport when properly run on the lines of the New Journalism.

Photography. Why not appoint an official photographer to photograph the horses in running? I think this would be a very good plan, especially in steeplechases and hurdle-races, where so much in-and-out running takes place. The camera can't lie, and it would be useless for a jockey to say he was trying his best if the photograph showed him to have been riding a following race. I am not quite sure that touting by photography could not be made to pay, especially in the matter of trials. Or, better still, why not induce some enterprising music-hall manager to give us animated pictures of all the trials that take place on Newmarket Heath?

CAPTAIN COE.



THE PARADE FOR THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THIS will be an article of the frocks—frocky, be it known to all whom it may concern. Only last week, a friend of tried forbearance wrote me plaintive reproaches on the subject of New Ideas (capital "N," capital "I"). "This is spring, or ought to be," she sobbed; "yet, though I am actually in shreds and waiting for



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY AFTERNOON-GOWN.

some kindly light on forthcoming chiffons, you merely give scrappy instalments of Fashion as she is wrote, and fill up the chinks with irrelevant inanities!" Now, such candour as this is sweet at any price, and I rejoice in the trenchant phrases of this courageous girl. *Qui s'excuse?*—or I would advance a dozen reasons why. But apologies are ever a diplomatic error, according to our infallible First Lord, and, rather than fall into such pitfalls of the precipitate, I would have a tooth drawn every other day, like King John's characteristic Jew.

Meanwhile, to redeem my rôle of chronicler in frocks and furbelows this is an auspicious moment. For, the atmospheric shocks which have ushered in Gentle Spring notwithstanding, Parisian dressmakers have gone on their autocratic way, and evolved confections in mousseline, gauze, and other transparencies of forthcoming Seasons just as if no rude Boreas ever existed to batten down our hopes and hatchets with his detestable north-easterly trumpetings. The Parisian *couturière* has a firm and well-founded belief in sunshine, all our insular scepticism to the contrary, however, and so it arises that, north or south, however the wind may blow, he devises his diaphanous allurements in the sure and certain hope of weather wherein to wear them.

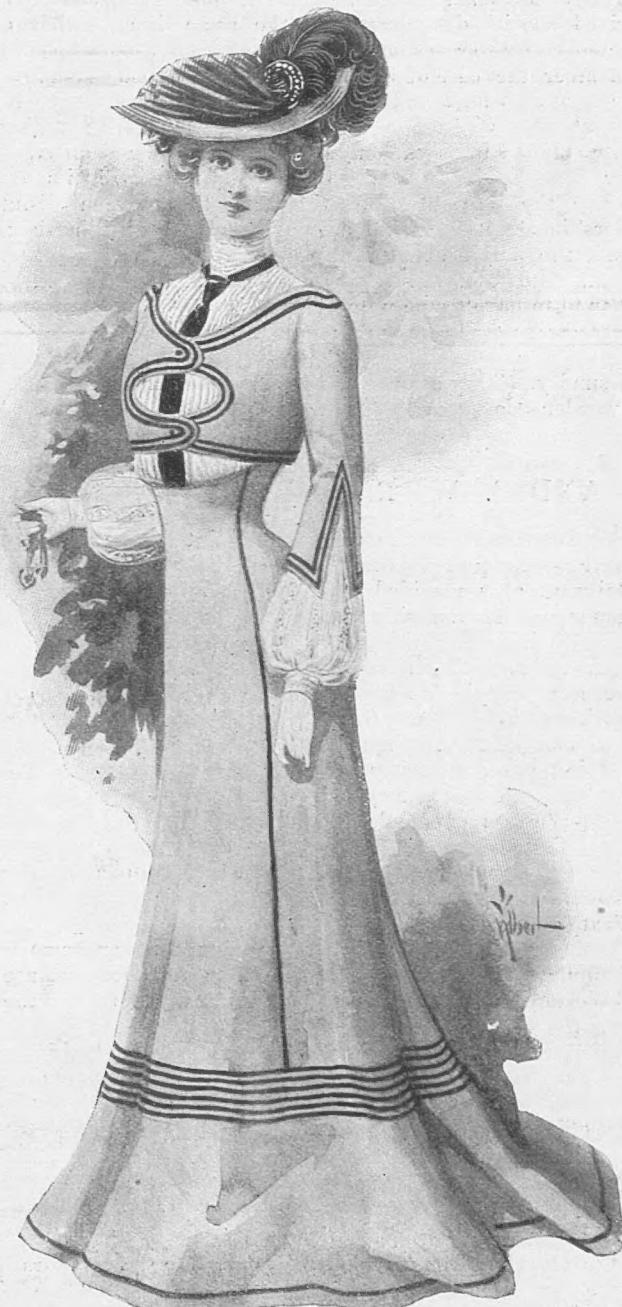
More suitable to the stern demand of our own climate than less enduring novelties are the coarse-grained alpacas, hop-sacks, and last, but not least, the panne-faced cloths which at the moment represent all that is best of spring materials. The coarse-grained alpaca is at once

utilitarian yet sufficiently smart; but it does not look so well in light colours. Black and dark blue are the shades in which it is best, and white or cream also, of course. But in mauves, pinks, blues, there is somehow a hardness of effect by no means apparent in the three foregoing. Panne cloths will have, I am well convinced, a very great vogue. They are light in texture, yet warm, have soft, gleaming surface quite equal to the velvet from which their title is borrowed, and in light, delicate tones are absolutely charming.

Cashmieres are a coming fashion, too. They drape well, and make a sympathetic background for the quantity of embroideries, laces, and applied decorations of every kind with which our spring and summer gowns are to be overlaid. The Empire gown, the corselet jupe, and the Princesse robe are presented for consideration as being the newest forms of frock.

For the former I have the highest consideration when well made and well worn, though up to recent times, in this country at all events, it was affected only by the young person of artistic aspiration and home dressmaking talents whose appearance in these attempted First Empire modes was the reverse of impressive. The corselet jupe does not greatly find favour in my sight, because it divides the figure where no division ought to be, and is therefore grotesque, however fashionable. Princesse robes are in themselves beautiful when covering, *bien entendu*, a good figure; they too faithfully outline the stout and the skinny, however, to be very popular, except with the lucky few who come under the denomination of *svelte*.

The bolero, short, shorter, and shortest, still continues in unabated request, nor has the outburst of short spring coats made any apparent



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-DRESS OF GREY CLOTH À LA MODE.

difference in its popularity. The collars of most dresses and nearly all the smart blouses are reduced to the narrowest lines and limits, so as to show the neck. French dressmakers put a narrow band of silk, I notice, about half-an-inch in width, which forms a support for the

transparent lace band or collar. The hair being worn low on the neck is also another reason for this uncollared fashion of our gowns, which have not been so low in the neck since the 'sixties, when narrow lace or embroidered muslin collars accompanied the white under-sleeves to match as at present.

The wearing of an Egyptian scarabæus, or sacred beetle, is usually supposed to bring luck, and the beautiful blue of the turquoise matrix, with gold incised hieroglyphics, is now, as in ancient times, highly esteemed by the fair. I see from two plaintive advertisements in the dailies, however, that a bracelet and chain, embellished with turquoise scarabæus, have been lost, from which it would seem that the magic powers of these particular amulets must have waxed and waned somewhat. In the highly æsthetic and beautiful jewellery known as "Nouveau Art," coloured stones as well as differently tinted gold are used with exquisite results. I was shown brooch and ear-rings from Boucheron this week which are new of the newest. The brooch was formed of a jewelled fish, with tail in mouth, and the ear-rings, smaller circlets about the circumference of a halfpenny, matched. Each object was, moreover, a tiny work of art. I shall prophesy that in a short time this really æsthetic form of jewellery will oust all other forms from our affections. Apropos of the lapidary's art, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of Regent Street, has issued a most comprehensive catalogue, the cover decorated with dainty rows of metal-workers, after the Wedgwood manner. Clocks, plate, jewels of every grade, from a thousand-guinea string of pearls to a wedding-ring, are all priced and illustrated, so that it becomes easy for even those at a distance to make purchases through so explicit a medium. The subject of jewellery reminds me that a new style of jewel-case, very compact and smart-looking as well, has been introduced by Foot and Son, of 171, Bond Street, and is so great an improvement on the ordinary leather jewel-box that it deserves the reward of merit which mention in these pages generally bestows. These jewel-bags are fitted with little trays to hold one's different possessions—one for rings, another bangles, a third chains, and so on—and are altogether so convenient that no woman should be without one. Foot and Son have also contrived special dress-boxes on the same lines which ensure separation and safety to one's most delicate chiffons when travelling. I always remember the case of a friend going to a country-house near Melton for a week's stay and a ball. Her tailor-mades and heavier frocks lay at the end of a large basket-trunk, silks higher up, and a white tulle ball-gown on top. Some thrice-accursed porter turned her box upside down in the van, *malgré* its circular top. I leave the description of this tulle frock when disinterred to my readers' imagination. Had a Foot's shelled travelling-box been used instead, the porter could have wreaked his wicked will without hurt or harm. But a basket-trunk with boots at the bottom and tulle on top is bound to have tragic unfoldings.

A propos des bottes literally this time, let me advise, in the interest of their soles and uppers, the use of these newly invented skeleton-trees to all and sundry. They at once and for ever put out of joint the noses of the old wooden boot-trees.

SYBIL.

L. AND S. W. R. FEAST OF REASON.

LORD STALBRIDGE, P.C., made a neat point at the annual dinner of the Headquarters Staff of the London and South-Western Railway, ably presided over by Mr. Charles J. Owens, the General Manager. His Lordship, replying to the toast of the House of Lords, remarked that one of the secrets of Lord Salisbury's success as a statesman was the fact that he began life as a Railway Director of the Great Eastern Company. With some diffidence, *The Sketch* ventures to correct his Lordship. It was really as a newspaper-writer that the Prime Minister began his distinguished career—and doubtless acquired that clear style that characterises his despatches and speeches. Be that as it may, it was most satisfactory to learn from Mr. Owens that there is on the South-Western a completely harmonious feeling between the whole of the departments of the service, and that never in the history of the company had there been such a return of punctual working as was shown in the past half-year—a gratifying result achieved by the loyal and zealous co-operation of every man on the staff. Mr. Owens referred also with legitimate pride to the handsome South-Western Ambulance Shield on the wall, and to the circumstance that 750 South-Western men held first-class certificates, and that in the past twelvemonth timely assistance in alleviating pain had been rendered by members in 367 cases. Admirable speeches were also made by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Campbell, Mr. W. H. Hilditch, the experienced Station-master at the Waterloo Terminus; Mr. Sam Fay (who responded for the chief officers), and Sir John Aird, M.P.

A CENTURY OF TIME-KEEPING.

Messrs. S. J. Waring and Sons, the eminent firm that furnished and decorated the Royal Saloon of H.M.S. *Ophir*, have a very gratifying incident to relate. A few days ago, Mr. William Barrow, over eighty years of age, timekeeper at Gillow's works (now Waring's) in Lancaster, was presented by his fellow-workmen with a portrait of himself in commemoration of the interesting fact that for one hundred years he and his father have had charge of the keys. His father joined the house in 1801, and Mr. William Barrow sixty-six years ago succeeded him, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, is still the first on the premises in the morning and the last to leave at night.

STOURFIELD PARK SANATORIUM.

IN the prevention and cure of consumption His Majesty is known to take the deepest interest. Indeed, one of the most valuable meetings of men of "light and leading" ever held by the King when Prince of Wales at Marlborough House led to active steps being taken to arrest the progress of the fell disease in this country; and it will be in the recollection of everyone that His Majesty seized the opportunity afforded by his recent visit to the Empress Frederick to



STOURFIELD PARK SANATORIUM.

inspect the chief consumption-hospitals near Cronberg. English consumptive patients, happily, need not travel to Germany to undergo the "open-air treatment" which is coming into vogue. "Beautiful Bournemouth" offers them a salubrious cure-house in the charmingly situated Stourfield Park Sanatorium, which is sheltered by pine-woods. A resident physician and an efficient staff of nurses tend the visitors, who enjoy the comforts of a home in the Sanatorium, and between meals pass the time in picturesque little kiosks in the grounds, and derive benefit from the pure, fresh air, fragrant with the zestful scent of the pines. When it is remembered that the terrible scourge of consumption is responsible for seven thousand deaths annually in London alone, besides the twenty thousand afflicted with the disease in its various stages, it will be admitted that the Stourfield Park Sanatorium deserves the patronage it receives.

The "stop press" corner of the *Westminster Gazette* is not exactly the place to look for humour. Yet that dry wag, the News Editor of the *Westminster*, perpetrated this jokelet in last Thursday's Issue—

Countess Russell to-day obtained decree nisi against her husband in the Divorce Court.
Bank rate unchanged.

The Lord Mayor, who is the busiest man in London, will give a helping hand to a most deserving charity in presiding on Tuesday, the 25th of June, at the festival dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution at Stationers' Hall. His Lordship will make a special appeal for funds to establish further pensions for news-vendors' widows in commemoration of the reign of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. He will not plead in vain. Early application for tickets should be made to Mr. W. Wilkie Jones, the courteous Secretary, 16, Farringdon Street, E.C.

The Duke of Norfolk, who is kind-heartedness personified, has graciously granted the use of the Great Hall of Arundel Castle for an attractive entertainment, which is looked forward to with keenest interest in Sussex. Merry J. L. Shine is organising the dramatic performances which are to take place on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday next in aid of the funds of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association (Arundel Branch). The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will run special trains for the occasion from London-super-Mare, Shoreham, Worthing, Bognor, Portsmouth and Southsea, Havant and Chichester, and other towns on their line.

It is not generally known that Henrik Sienkiewicz, the famous author of "Quo Vadis," began his literary career as a journalist by writing an account of his travels in the United States for a Polish paper, and that he had written for the Press for some years before he published the short story, "Janko, the Musician," which brought him into immediate prominence, and, indeed, practically made his reputation. "Janko, the Musician," is a pathetic tale of a few thousand words, and Sienkiewicz's history is remarkably reminiscent of that of Guy de Maupassant, who, it will be remembered, sprang into sudden fame with "Boule de Suif." Sienkiewicz is still well under fifty, and is a confirmed globe-trotter.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 10.

IN CAPEL COURT.

THE Stock Exchange is levelling up its books for Easter, and generally preparing for the four days' holiday. Upon its return it will begin another Settlement, so that there is very little time in which to be dealing for the current account. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the public refrains from coming into the markets. The American Market is exceedingly hard, and there are all kinds of wild rumours flying about as to the altitudes which Eries, Northern Pacifies, and Missouri are to attain in the immediate future. West Africans rank second as an active market, but here the dealing is mainly confined to members of the Stock Exchange and a few "big houses" outside. Kaffirs are listlessly steady; all public interest in them seems to be again suspended, nor do Westralians tempt the gambler at the present period of deadly inanition. Home Rails are displaying a hardening tendency, and the tone of the gilt-edged market is a little healthier in sympathy with the convalescence of Consols. The Stock Exchange eagerly awaits what "After Easter" may bring in its train.

The subjoined illustration gives a general view of the Great Boston Mine, in Leonora, which is under option to the London and Westralian Mines and Finance Agency, Limited.

CONSOLS, THE WAR LOAN, AND THE BUDGET.

If the Government should make that expected issue of 50 millions Consols at 94, the immediate result would probably be another relapse in the prices of the War Loan, India stocks, and kindred securities. Holders of these would, in all likelihood, sell heavily in order to apply for the new burden of National Debt, so long as the ruling price of Consols was sufficiently high to attract the outsiders' applications in bulk. A year ago, the thirty millions sterling of National War Loan was applied for more than eleven times over. Then, the price of issue was 98½, the rate of interest being 2½ per cent., and the stock redeemable at par in 1910. At that time, Consols were standing at a trifle over a hundred, and for many months the stock kept ahead of the War Loan in price. Now, however, the quotations have crossed over, and the War Loan—cheaper than Consols by at least 3 points, as we have frequently pointed out—is standing about 1½ per cent. above Goschens. The difference is likely to be still further emphasised if a fresh issue of Consols is announced by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on April 18. The cheapness of the War Loan may be temporarily lost sight of if, as we suggest, people sell their stock in order to provide funds for application of the new Loan; but it is bound to be realised in time, and trustees have in it a British Government security which pays, at 97½, just over 3 per cent., allowing for the redemption at par in nine years' time.

So far as can be seen, there is little chance of any rise occurring in Consols until the Budget and the new Loan are both fairly digested. Despite the comparative plentifulness of money, borrowers have still to pay very stiff rates, and, even on the security of Consols, the Stock Exchange is commanding 5½ per cent. at its current Settlement in the Funds. Until money grows cheaper, who will buy Consols in sufficient quantity to help the price? And money will remain much as it now is for at least another fortnight, or possibly three weeks.

HOME RAILS.

Glad as the sight of a sun-ray to the sufferers from England's spring is the revival in Home Railway stocks to the hearts of their proprietors, whose name is Legion. We can imagine that the holder of Midlands or Westerns could even lose a pair of gloves on the Boat-Race with equanimity when he knows that his loss is being recouped in the Home Railway Market by a rise in his stock. The more confident tone of this department is largely attributable to the regular Easter bullishness indulged in by certain people, who make a point of buying Home Rails before any holiday season, with the idea of clearing out again on the publication of the good traffics taken during the busy week. Without wishing to decry the cheerfulness of these perennial operators, we would remark that the Easter traffics must be very good to wipe out the bad results achieved so far by most of the leading companies during the present half-year.

The principal hope for a rise in Home Rails, in our opinion, must be based not so much upon traffic receipts as the position of the Money

Market. Investors are not making the market good just now any more than they were responsible for its flatness a fortnight ago. A little coterie of speculators is virtually controlling the situation, and until quite lately has had everything to favour its bear operations. But, once there becomes a pronounced disposition to buy from any direction, these bears will be scrambling back at double-quick time. They know that Home Rails are very low, lower than they would be were it not for the uneasiness of Lombard Street and the financial world at large. These temporary influences they have made the most of, and, now that the other party is looking into the market in its usual Easter fashion, the bears are already fidgeting. The course of prices in the Home Railway section is being determined by speculation, and, as it can be only a matter of weeks before money becomes cheaper, the bull party appears to possess the brighter prospects. Holders of Home Rails, so far from parting with their stock, might find the present a good time for the purpose of averaging.

TRUNKS AND MAILS.

The abnormal length of time between the declaration of the payment of the dividend on Grand Trunk First and Second Preference stocks is certainly a point in favour of holders—before the distribution is made. The stocks are now being upheld to a large extent from the consideration that they carry dividends of 3½ and 3 per cent. respectively. Deduct these figures from present prices, argue the bulls, and you have the stocks looking decidedly cheap. Experience goes rather to show, however, that quotations are upheld until the deduction of the dividend, and, when that is made, they are allowed to sag away until the next time for excitement draws near. As a speculative investment, Trunk Firsts are, perhaps, worth par, but it must be borne in mind that the stock has already risen 20 points from the lowest quotation of 1900, and that the highest attained last year was 97½.

While we lean towards the idea that a reaction in Grand Trunks is not unlikely after the rapid rise which has recently taken place, we would suggest that in the Mexican Railway Market there exists a much better scope for an advance in value. As has been pointed out so frequently, a strong movement in one market is generally followed by a similar process in the other. Grand Trunks have had their rise; now, it is the turn, both intrinsically and sentimentally, of Mexican Rails. The price of the First Preference is no better than 74½, and the Second Preference can be bought at 25½. In the former is included five months' dividend, and the stock certainly looks cheap. Unfortunately, the market is all but dead, although in the Stock Exchange it stands back-to-back with the Jungle. The turn of Mexican Rails

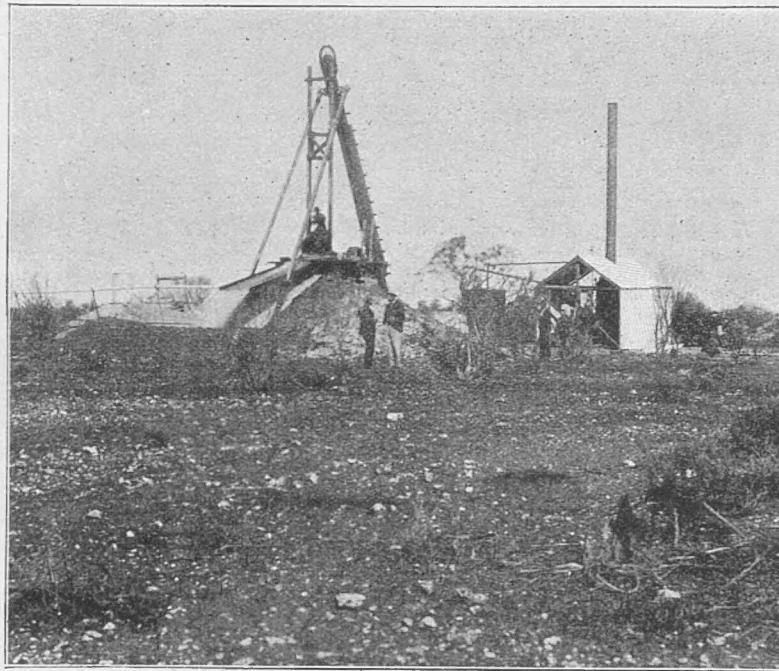
must come one day, and there is more scope for a rise in them than there is in the somewhat fatigued Trunks.

BROKEN HILL.

Under date Feb. 18, 1901, our Correspondent at Broken Hill sends us the following interesting letter—

For the past couple of months Broken Hill has been under a most undeserved cloud. Many things have united to form that cloud. Of course, events in England have had their effect on general speculation, and the insecurity of the Westralian Market has been another cause of depression. But the chief reason of the gloom has been the drop in the price of lead. The cause of this drop we here do not know—it is only the result with which we are acquainted. At the time of writing the price stands somewhere about £15 per ton. The drop from £17 10s. is, naturally, a bad thing, but £15 still leaves a good margin of profit. The general public, however, is not aware of this, or won't trouble to inquire about it; so the bears have had an innings. The bears, too, have been using another lever with evil result. The local Labour Party, for purposes connected with municipal politics, recently raised a wild scare about the prospects of a water famine in Broken Hill. The reservoir supplying the town was certainly getting low, but no danger existed. However, by a series of brazen falsehoods, the wire-pullers aroused a great hubbub, and the city markets bore part of the brunt. In the midst of the scare, however, over two inches of rain fell, filling most of the mine and private dams and putting a six months' supply into the public reservoir. Other rains have fallen since, and the prospects of a famine are absolutely dead. Yet, owing to the lowness of lead, shares are standing still.

One mine, in the midst of the hubbub, did shut down—the Junction, shares in which are largely held in England. This was owing to a combination of circumstances. Early in the history of this mine, the rich stuff was dragged out, and dragged out so precipitately that proper precautions for keeping up the workings were neglected. The Junction "creep" is a matter of history. Now, the mine is burdened not only with low-grade ore, but with the dragging expense of repairs and precautions which ought never to have been necessary. Recent ore has averaged 9 oz. silver and 11½ per cent. lead, and has been so refractory that the recovery has been only 30 per cent. of silver, 52 per cent. of lead. (Other mines save up to 72 per cent. of lead and 53 per cent. of silver.) Machinery now exists for improving this recovery, but the procuring of it was left until too



GENERAL VIEW OF GREAT BOSTON GOLD-MINE, LEONORA, WEST AUSTRALIA.

Photo by Rossell.

late; and when, the other day, the crisis came, the re-treatment plant was not ready. The outlook, however, is not so black as it appears. The new machinery will be ready before long, and work will be gradually resumed. In the meantime, a little development work is going on underground, and recent work of this character shows the existence of better-value ore in the mine. Happily, the Junction stands alone, suffering from the consequences of past bad management.

The report of the Proprietary recently issued, for the six months ending Nov. 30, is of a very different colour. During the half-year, 293,451 tons of ore were raised, against 232,487 tons; and the output was 2,780,937 oz. (fine) silver and 21,855 tons lead. Working costs were reduced and the recovery increased, and a gross profit made of £167,795. Out of this, £40,953 was wiped off for depreciation and £120,000 distributed in dividends. A managerial estimate gives the ore "in sight" in this mine at 5,000,000 tons, and recent development work continues to give most encouraging results. Manager Courtney, of the Central Mine (Sulphide Corporation), estimates that his mine has twenty-five years' supply of ore "in sight." His figures are possibly within the mark; and there is no reason why the Proprietary, on appearances, shouldn't run level with the other property. The Proprietary has recently added another valuable asset to its score, in the Iron Monarch Mine, in South Australia. Taken up to provide the smelters with ironstone flux, there is reason to expect that the ore will be also used before very long for the manufacture of steel.

The figures concerning the Sulphide Corporation will be stale to London by now—they are issued there; but shareholders will be pleased to hear that good progress is being made with the erection of machinery for the treatment of zincs. The machines are those known as the Mechernich, owned by a German company. They are on a magnetic basis, and have been tried in Germany on Broken Hill ores with much success. March should see the plant at work. The company has recently added to its staff Mr. James Hebbard, as assistant-manager, for many years Government Mining Inspector in this district. Born in Bendigo, he has been all his life (he is in the late thirties) mixed up with mining. He is a good man, and should fill his position with credit to the company.

Apropos of the "Zinc Problem," if such a thing really exists now, the Australian Metal Company's works have not yet re-started. Large dumps of tailings are, however, being stored ready for the resumption. Block 10 and the Proprietary have been experimenting with Odling's process; but the Proprietary's big plant should see erection by the end of our winter. The machinery is being prepared in England.

The British is doing steady work. For the past fortnight, 3983 tons crudes gave 743 tons concentrates. Underground exploratory work is, on the whole, satisfactory. In Block 16, no payable ore-body has yet been encountered. Thompson's Shaft is now down 343 feet.

Block 10 is sinking a new shaft to open up a new run of country. Deep developments here are excellent, and the mine is looking as well as ever. Block 14 (which has just declared another shilling dividend) suffers nothing in comparison with the other mines; but the new properties—Victoria, White Leads, South Blocks, and South Extended—are yet only in the preliminary stage. The South Blocks alone are opening out; the 100-foot is giving stuff going up to 42 per cent. lead and 5 oz. silver. This and the South Extended are good mines for speculation; good—nay, excellent. Regarding the Junction North, I stick to all I have previously written against it.

The only "fly in the ointment" at present is the price of lead, and that, I believe, will soon rise. The Labour Party still has the run of the town, municipally; but the notorious Jabez Wright is no longer Mayor. Therefore, there is reason to believe that the Party will be fairly quiescent. I should advise holders of Broken Hill stock not to sell at any loss; the field is good, and prospects tip-top. Even "A. B. H." Consols are good to hold.

The figures for 1900, by the way, are a good index to the tone of the Barrier's prosperity. The town's imports were valued at £1,108,327, and the exports at £2,524,645. The exports include £2,281,227 in minerals, a most conservative value. Actual value would be close to £4,000,000. The exports were: Silver-lead ores, 8,451,320 cwt.; zinc ores, 349,680 cwt.; copper, 17,020 cwt.; and gold, 4441 oz. The official value of the 1899 exports was £1,687,786. These figures hardly indicate any falling off in the field.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOPEFUL.—We think you might keep the shares for the present, but should sell them on any rise—say, at 6s. or thereabouts. They are only 4s. shares, you know.

F. W. P.—We have answered your letter by post.

IRÈNE.—The first company on your list is a good one, and quite the best of the quintet. We should suggest that you also obtain particulars from the London Life, and the Scottish Widows' Fund. Then you can compare the figures and advantages offered.

H. M.—The Ammunition shares are worth keeping. There is some talk of the company being absorbed by a large undertaking, and this should be a good thing for the shareholders. The War must have helped their profits for 1900 to some extent.

FLIP-FLAP.—(1) We fear the investment is rather a hopeless one. (2) They are very speculative, but are probably worth their present low price.

A. T. S.—As a small investment, the shares are not likely to hurt you.

The report of the Directors of the Savoy Hotel, Limited, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1900, has been sent to the shareholders. The dividend for 1900 is to be 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES.



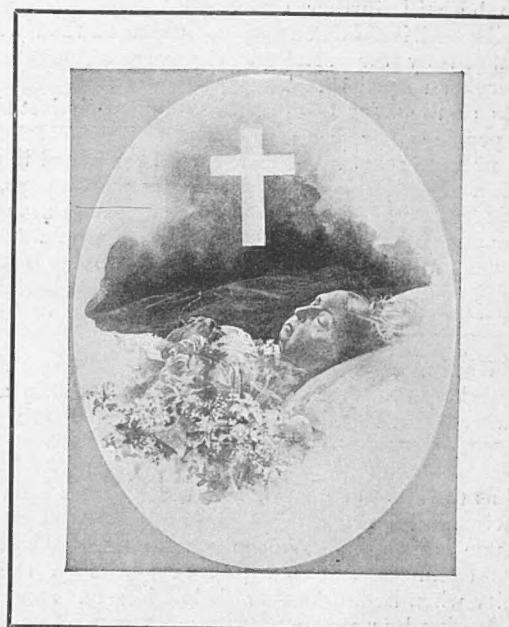
KING EDWARD VII. OPENING HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT.

We shall shortly publish this as a Companion Photogravure to the one, now all sold, entitled "The Queen Listening to a Despatch." It will be engraved in the same excellent manner, and the size and price will be similar—namely, 37 by 27 in. with mount, 10s. 6d. each, and Artist's Proofs, £1 1s.



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